Dessert, Two Ways

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Dessert, Two Ways

by shiphitsthefan

Summary

The optimist believes we live in the best of all possible worlds. The pessimist fears this is true. This is your best possible world, Will. You're not getting a better one.

Except for an unseen world in a mirrored universe, that is. It isn't necessarily *better,* but it *is* different.

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Panna Cotta: In chapters one through five, alpha Will travels to Florence to face his fate. When his presence sends omega Hannibal into an unexpected heat, they face the consequences--and reap the benefits--of accepting both their true natures and each other.

Tiramisu: In chapters six through ten, omega Will travels to Florence and induces an artificial heat, intending for alpha Hannibal to either claim him or kill him. Mason intends to have fun entertaining them as his guests, however, whether they're mated or not.

Notes

This idea has been on my prompt list for a while, and I've always wanted to write a mirror fic, because I fully believe in the multiverse theory. It also struck me that A/B/O isn't exactly trans-friendly, so I've done an extensive amount of worldbuilding with regards to alpha, beta, and omega biology. If you're interested in that, check the author's notes at the end of the fic.

(Additionally, I have repurposed some lines from not only the episodes, but the entirety of season three. There will never be entire chunks of borrowed dialogue, however, so don't worry about that.)

I hope you enjoy! :D

See the end of the work for more notes

Panna Cotta: I

Will doesn't even remember what, exactly, he'd popped into the Uffizi to say. It was easier to think, walking along the tracks, body aching from hitting the rails, no one's words or eyes or stench-scent to get in the way. There wasn't anyone to talk to except the scar on his stomach, practically still fresh--if he dwelt on it for too long, Will could feel the handle of the linoleum knife rubbing against the inside of his coat, and the warmth of his guts pooled in the hammock made by the waistband of his pants, the buckle of his belt, the buttons of his shirt.

The verbal possibilities were as wide and open as the ocean he sailed across to get there, to that moment, partially concussed and cold in the middle of the map he left behind on the train. Most of the sentences ended in question marks and impersonal ellipses; sometimes, they were parentheticals that didn't end quite to code, or em dashes that didn't end, at all. None of the letters lined up into paragraphs. All were over in the space of a gasped and struggled breath. *Why did you gut me?* inevitably led to *Why did I gut you?*

There was a clarity to it, though, not like there had been on the boat. Will was so certain of what he needed to say, and how it must be said, and what Hannibal would say in return. Chess can only be played so many ways before becoming predictable.

Chiyoh was waiting for Will at the station when he finally made it, because of course she would show his small bag more courtesy than she would to him. There was a small folder waiting for him, too, presented from her hand to his, their fingers refusing to touch. Inside was the key and fob for a hotel; directions written on his own map in an unknown hand; a postcard from the Uffizi with a time and date in a hand all too familiar; a cryptic note with a cryptic angle and no cryptic words to match.

There were no words left between the two of them after that.

And then Will saw Hannibal sat in front of *La Primavera* and there were no words left, at all.

Will had hoped that, with the minimal washing up he did at the hotel, all he would smell would be the Lithuanian soil and the blood of his own wounds, the oil from the rails and the cheap soap from the laundry. Instead, Will smells Hannibal, the same lavender and basil and vanilla that bloomed in his nostrils the last time Will scented him, the back of his head cradled in Hannibal's hand, Will's nose pressed to Hannibal's glands, the fingers of the other deep inside of him in the most unwanted way. The memory of Hannibal's scent--sweet and savory, like the hearth of a happily kept omega--plugged his nose over Will's entire voyage; it haunted him at the Lecter estate, deeper than the stink of Chiyoh's prisoner.

His lip trembles and his breath shakes as Will smells home properly for the first time in months.

"A part of me will always want to go with him," Will had told Jack a mere handful of hours ago. He simply omitted to say which part, and that it comprised him entirely.

“Have you come here just to look at me?” Hannibal asks. He doesn’t turn to look at Will, and his pencil continues to gently *skrit-skrit-skrit* across his pad of paper. “Or did you come to get the old scent again?”

Will swallows and blinks back the moisture gathering on his eyelashes. “I could have just smelled myself.”

The pencil stops. Hannibal straightens, and Will hears him inhale. “Yes,” he says, at last. “Yes, I suppose you could have. We always were compatible, even when the fire burned in your skull.” Will watches the corner of his mouth twitch briefly into a smile. “Perhaps moreso then. Further still in your cell--you were…” Hannibal’s head tilts upward, just enough for Will to catch the sharp lines of his cheekbones. “It was *exquisite.”*

“I sincerely doubt that,” and Will can’t help but smile at this entirely infuriating, petty, possessive, violent man. He couldn’t stop if he even cared to try. “Frederick only let me shower for the trial.”

“And how is our Dr. Chilton?”

Will considers his words, chuckling when he settles on, “Sunken and sallow-cheeked.”

“A pity.” Hannibal finally looks at Will, over his shoulder, coy and proud. “I always thought they would be particularly delicious.”

“As much exercise as his jaw got?” asks Will. “I would think it would be bad for the meat.”

Hannibal’s features soften, and Will hungrily absorbs every detail of his face: the dark circles beneath his hawkish amber eyes; the angled gash on his chin, tracing down from the side of his mouth; another series of wounds on his cheek, and the stain of betadine on his forehead; even his hair is relaxed, casual as his clothes. For the first time over the course of their relationship, Will feels overdressed.

“Have you acquired my appetite, after all?” but Hannibal doesn’t wait for Will to answer. “Come here,” he says, a quiet and unexpected plea. “Let me look at you.”

Will doesn’t hesitate, simply walks forward toward Hannibal’s outstretched arm. In the back of his mind, he can picture Abigail following along behind; her ghost disappears just as quickly as it came, however, and Will is grateful for it. He *is* still afraid of putting his hand in Hannibal’s, but only because he’s come unarmed, his knife left buried in the bottom of his bag.

Hannibal stares at him, looks proud when Will holds his gaze. “If I saw you everyday,” he begins, reverent, “forever, Will, I would remember this time.”

“Would you like that? To see me forever?”

His fingers are squeezed in Hannibal’s own, skin hot. “Longer than.”

Will can feel his stomach ooze sympathetically, and the antlers poke through the back of his suit jacket. “I didn’t want to survive our separation, you know.” He averts his eyes, glances

down at Hannibal's drawing--the pencil must remain in Hannibal's other hand. "I wanted to go with you."

"We could go together now."

"Yes," says Will. He knows now that he walks to his doom; Hannibal has brought himself together again too quickly, repaired the cracks in his own facade. But Will doesn't care, pulling Hannibal to his feet and gathering his unadulterated scent one last time. It's sweeter now, clearer than it's ever been, and Will is glad for it. "Let's go."

He follows Hannibal blindly, not wanting to lose the image of what could have been his happiness. They're outside and in the sunlight and early evening air before Will realizes. All of his senses belong to Hannibal; let Florence burn around them for all he cares.

Still, Will can't ignore the prickle on his neck, the chill in his bones in spite of the warmth; he spent too much time around guns not to know the feeling of one being aimed at his back. *Jack?* Will wonders. *A headhunter?* There's no time to turn and look.

Hannibal stops alongside Will as the pendulum swings. It creaks and moans, rust chipping with each pass behind Will's eyes.

Chiyoh.

Her odd note.

The angle-- *Oh, God.*

"Will?" There's a skittishness to Hannibal's voice that Will is unaccustomed to, a stark reversal to the stone-face he presented as they left the Uffizi. The air smells of bitter herbs and burnt bread.

"Sidestep," he says through gritted teeth, hoping that enough alpha dominance creeps into his tone. *"Now."*

But Hannibal doesn't move. "What--"

Will growls as he shoves him to the side with one shoulder, and takes the bullet meant for Hannibal with his other.

Panna Cotta: II

Chapter Notes

> I completely rewrote the worldbuilding notes in the author's notes at the beginning of the fic, because the way I described this universe was confusing. It probably still *is* confusing, but at least it's more accurate. Also, the notes are now at the *end* of the fic. If you're interested, look there.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hannibal smells the blood before Will's pained grunt even registers. One moment, he's leading Will through the piazza, taking his very own Judas to their last supper in Sogliato's apartment; the next, Will is slumping against him, and Hannibal's arm is supporting him enough to walk as upright as possible. They can't risk drawing attention, not now.

"You--" Will doesn't continue, starts sniffing at Hannibal instead, all concerned alpha.

"I'm alright."

"Y--your cheek," and Will noses at Hannibal's wounds there. For a horrible moment, Hannibal thinks Will's going to lick them. It's a struggle not to whimper, but Hannibal would never debase himself.

"Taken care of," he replies, quelling the overwhelming desire to be groomed and fretted over.

Will stifles a groan in Hannibal's collar; he feels Will take it between his teeth and is absurdly jealous that his garment will bear the mark that he, himself, never shall. "Jack."

"Clever boy."

"Chiyoh," chokes out Will. "Just--just now. Her revenge."

Hannibal nods, a phantom pain in his own shoulder; his body is responding to his mate's distress. At least, to the man he wanted to have been. "I should have suspected as much when she contacted me. Regardless, she will be beyond my reach now. And, quite likely, she believes that I was worth the attempt."

A hissed laugh. "Kill you to kill me."

They turn a corner into an empty alley, Will continuing to mumble, his feet dragging more and more. Hannibal has never been one for anxiety--dread, perhaps, but nothing so pedestrian as panic--yet he finds himself at loose ends now, unlocking the entrance to the private apartments, acutely aware of the chance of their discovery now that he is maneuvering the stairs for two.

There's no other viable choice. "Arms around my neck, if you are able," Hannibal warns him. "I'm going to carry you."

Will snorts, a pained wheeze of a sound. "Delivery," he says, and Hannibal thinks he's been left out of a joke somewhere along the electric rail of Will's synapses.

The building is blessedly deserted, perhaps because it is still early in the day. Hannibal struggles up each stair, his bangs sticking to his forehead. He is tempted each time he passes the door to the elevator--six times? Seven?--but pushes himself to keep moving, to keep climbing, bearing the burden from one danger to the next.

Sweat trickles down the back of his shirt; the fight with Jack must have weakened Hannibal more than he originally thought. Carrying Will shouldn't be so taxing. Every muscle of his body burns, but Hannibal manages to get the door to Sogliato's rooms unlocked, and then relocked behind them. As carefully as he can, Hannibal sets Will onto a couch.

"Frankenstein's --*ah!*-- bride."

Hannibal frowns, but says nothing, only watches Will's head loll to the side, seemingly half-conscious in spite of his nonsensical rambling. All the necessary instruments remain in the dining room--he'd set up his makeshift triage this morning before his visit to the Botticelli. The path had seemed so clear then, so straightforward. Bedelia had guided him well in this singular task for which outside opinion was required.

That was before Will saved his life, however. Maybe he only saved it to take for himself. Hannibal takes up the tray with his tools, then sets it back down. His thoughts are clouded, his own motives beginning to confuse him. Kill or cure: Hannibal's eternal conundrum, confounded all the more by his strange alpha.

He shrugs off his jacket, lets it land in the floor. *Not my alpha,* Hannibal reminds himself bitterly. *Never mine.*

Blinking, he finds himself in front of the kitchen sink, a glass of water half-empty in his hand, the tap still running. Hannibal doesn't remember the walk, however short it might have been. Losing time is not his particular aesthetic, and yet, here Hannibal stands, numbly refilling the glass, appearing in the living room with both it and the tray.

A pool of blood has formed on the floor beneath Will's fingers as the wound drips down his arm. His eyes move restlessly beneath his closed lids, and Hannibal is overwhelmed with the memory of watching Will sleep unawares, of wiping sweat from his brow much like he wipes it from his own now, tray and glass set on the end table. Will's throat undulates obscenely as he swallows, and Hannibal is surprised by the way his body shudders in response.

He kneels in the floor beside Will--oh, it feels so frighteningly *right* --then reaches for the water with one hand, and the back of Will's head with the other. Will drinks from the presented glass greedily, and Hannibal watches his throat at work again.

Much to his dismay, he feels slick beginning to slip out of his cunt, dampening his briefs. Hannibal's face remains neutral, but his mind is racing; he hasn't leaked like this--or at all,

for that matter--since he finished puberty. Sex has always been an uncomfortable affair--alphas seem to have a universal distaste for artificial lubricants, never mind the issue of cis male omegan infertility.

Still, it all begins to add up: the sweat, the discomfort, the emotionality. After three decades, Hannibal is entering heat, and at the worst possible time. He can finally be mated, be bitten and bonded , just as he prepares to kill his would-be alpha.

Hannibal takes the glass away, leaning in so he can tend to Will. “The bullet is still inside you,” he tells him after feeling the back of Will’s shoulder and finding no exit wound. “This will hurt.”

Will licks his lips, and Hannibal’s eyes cling to each drop of spit that catches on his dry, cracked skin. “Doesn’t it always with us?” His lashes flutter, though his eyes remain closed, but Hannibal knows Will sees him just the same.

“I suppose so,” agrees Hannibal, stripping Will’s coat only far enough to expose the wound, leaving his arms trapped at his sides. Will only smiles, like he’d expected as much. Hannibal is as proud as he is hurt. When he begins to work at extracting the bullet after making shreds of Will’s shirt, Will doesn’t make a sound, doesn’t wince, and Hannibal’s pride surpasses the imagined injury.

“What’s for dinner?” Will asks after the bullet *clacks* against the metal tray. “I would ask who, but I already know.”

“Oh?”

Will opens his eyes, and his smile widens. “Hannibal,” and he watches Will’s undamaged arm struggle in its coat sleeve for a moment, as though he wanted to reach for him. “We both know how you forgive.”

Hannibal allows himself a deep breath as he blots away the blood with sterile gauze. Will smells of young pine and the fresh crisp coolness of newfallen snow, like the provider who enters into the woods and returns home victorious, face ruddy and radiant. His heart begins to race now, and Hannibal feels an age-old emptiness he’d thought himself free of. “And how is that...Will?” Almost “alpha” from his lips.

“As God does.” Will breathes through his mouth, his eyes tracking the movement of the thread through the eye of the needle. “Will you do it quickly?” he asks. “Or did you spare me then and heal me now so as to drag it out, to gloat?”

“Does God gloat?” Hannibal begins to close the wound, blinking the stinging sweat out of his eye.

“According to you,” replies Will, “often.”

His breathing is quickly becoming impossible to regulate. Will has yet to comment on the sweet aroma of fresh slick; Hannibal can’t decide if he’s being considerate, or if he simply

hasn't noticed, or if Will truly has rejected him so fully. "Regardless," Hannibal eventually replies, halfway through his neat stitches, "it's rude to ask. Spoils the surprise."

Will sighs, but not unkindly. "There's hardly a surprise to spoil." Hannibal briefly meets Will's gaze, finds approval in his eyes, though also some resignation. "A different question, then."

Hannibal returns to his work, trying to move more quickly before he can no longer control the trembling of his hands. "Of course."

"Will you grant the wishes of a dying man?"

"If I can."

"Visit your old home," Will requests. "I left something for you there."

His palms begin to sweat. "Should the opportunity arise. Anything else?"

"Two more."

"Presumptuous of you," and Will laughs a little.

"Leave me awake for this. I know you've got barbiturates on that little tray of yours. Anyway, I assume you do. But let me join you at the table one last time, undrugged."

Hannibal chokes back a sob, and hopes Will doesn't hear the hitch in his voice. "I don't think I can do that for you, Will. Have we not caused each other enough pain?"

Will's breath shakes when Hannibal tugs on the last stitch harder than intended. "Then I insist on this one last thing: trust me enough to free my left arm."

The syringe is heavy in Hannibal's hand, the plunger difficult to push. Will whines, and shakes his head, a last ditch effort to change Hannibal's mind about the drugs. He shushes Will as he tugs the shoulders of the jacket back up to their rightful place.

"You're beginning to flush," Hannibal notes, still gripping Will's lapels, watching red creep up his neck. "Are you afraid?"

"Of you? No."

"You should be," insists Hannibal; he tries to puff himself up, but his shoulders won't move, won't do anything but slump. "Intense fear will come in waves."

Will exhales harshly through his nose. "I've never been afraid of you, Hannibal."

"Your body…" Hannibal swallows, refusing to give in and scent Will as he longs to. "It won't stand it for long."

"'Me here," says Will, his eyes slowly sliding closed. Hannibal lets Will maneuver his head to lie on his lap. "Gentle you?"

“Please.” Hannibal doesn’t mean to sound so urgent, but he’s wanted the weight of Will’s hand on the back of his neck for as long as they’ve known each other, has done everything he could think of to get it short of asking, and it’s even better than Hannibal thought it would be, up until Will’s hand slips from his neck, then down his back, then hangs as useless as Hannibal’s tears.

Chapter End Notes

See you next week! <3

Panna Cotta: III

Chapter Notes

Updates are moving to Fridays for now, as you may have already noticed. <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will wakes up. He's incredibly surprised. The air around him no longer smells like regret, however, and that's more comforting than being awake and alone.

Except that he *is* alone.

The morning sun shines on his legs, where Will had last seen Hannibal before slipping under. He must have been in this chair all night, a fact which his knees and back confirm as he struggles to his feet. The drugs must still be in his system. Will wobbles on his feet as he moves toward the dining room, the edges of his vision still soft and dark.

A bag of groceries lies on its side on the floor. The remains of a first harm station scatter across the table, as though swept by an arm. On a sideboard is a burner and a sharp knife, covered in blood. There's an IV stand next to the chair at the head of the table; Will looks at the other end, and there sits a profoundly dead Jack Crawford, body and arms strapped to his chair, his chest stabbed and mutilated, pieces of flesh protruding from the cuts in his shirt like a latch hook rug. Though the hot pan to the side of his head was a nice touch--what remains of Jack's ear and the side of his face clings to the bottom--as a whole, it's an unexpectedly inelegant murder.

I should probably be more disturbed by my dead boss instead of judging Hannibal's work, Will thinks as he braces himself on the chair meant for him, noting that it, too, has straps. But Jack knew the risk well enough when he let Hannibal live. Maybe it's for the best; Jack would have spent the rest of his life grieving a lost mate, miserable. Or else, making *Will's* life miserable, and Will's had his fill of misery.

He crouches down to take a closer look at the sideboard, bringing it more or less to eye level; there's butter, shallots, capers. Harmless enough. The shelf beneath, however, is another matter entirely. *Guess Hannibal meant to play keepsies with my brain by any means possible,* Will supposes, staring at himself in the reflection of a bonesaw's blade.

There's no Hannibal in the kitchen, either, though Will can smell him as if he's in the room, the scent of vanilla stronger than usual, sweeter. It's like the scraping fresh from the inside of the bean, unadulterated, so potent it makes his eyes cross. Hannibal hasn't abandoned him; Will's sure of it now.

His shoulder finally starts to hurt as he exits the kitchen into a hallway, probably because he's (stupidly) favoring his injured arm. The scent is getting stronger--Will can catch hints of

lavender, but not basil; it's more sugary than that, and he can't identify it. Water is running in the bathroom, though the light doesn't show from under the closed door. Will tries the handle, but the door is locked.

"Hannibal?" He raps on the door with his second knuckles, fingers curled. When there's no answer, Will tries again. "Hannibal, are you alright?"

No response.

"Okay," says Will, and he can hear himself slightly slurring, "since it's rude not to reply, that means you're either injured or dead, so I'm coming in now."

Will puts his good shoulder to the door, bending the knee of the same leg. He takes fourth position with his other foot-- *Thank God for the Ballerina Butcher.* --lunges to the right, then slams all of his weight into the door. It pops open, breaking the lock, which is good, because Will wasn't sure it was going to work. He staggers as he regains his balance, blocking the door with his forearm as it bounces off the opposite wall and swings back toward him, blindly groping for the light switch.

The dimmer switch turns to blinding brightness until Will adjusts it, and then turns it down again to the lowest setting, because Hannibal--

"Holy shit," Will murmurs. "Are you--what--" Will shakes his head, trying to dislodge the growing darkness at the corners of his vision. "I didn't think you had heats."

Hannibal sits in the corner of the bathtub, leaning against the wall as the shower beats down on his fully-clothed body. His face is completely red, whether by the warmth of his heat or, impossible to consider, embarrassment, Will doesn't know. But Hannibal is shivering, and his eyes are closed, bottom lip held so tightly between his teeth that blood runs down his chin. Worst of all, he smells fucking *delicious.*

"You weren't expecting this."

He shakes his head as much as he can, never taking his temple off of the wall. Hannibal swallows before telling Will, "I hadn't expected you, either," between clenched teeth.

"Or Jack," Will adds.

"I think I may have killed him."

Will chuckles; as miserable as Hannibal looks, it's still nice to know that he can succumb to something as human and mundane as a heat-induced fugue, though they are extremely rare outside of puberty. "You definitely killed him. Did this happen with your other heats? The memory gaps, I mean." *Poetic justice,* he adds to himself. *Now you know what it's like to lose time, you marvelous son of a bitch.*

"Perhaps," says Hannibal, and Will can't believe how coherent Hannibal is. "I've only ever had the one heat, and those are notoriously difficult to remember."

“This is…” Will leans on the counter and walks further into the room, keeping his steps slow and his posture nonthreatening so as not to spook Hannibal. “This is your second heat. That’s beyond incredible.”

“I was going to eat your brain.”

It shouldn’t make him smile. Then again, Hannibal shouldn’t have this effect on Will, whether unmated and in heat or not. “I gathered as much from your sideboard.”

“Ah. Of course.” Hannibal licks the still-gathering blood from his lips. “In the morning, then, assuming you intend to stay.”

“It *is* morning, and you’re hardly a dread pirate.”

“Oh.”

“Now I *know* you’re in pain; you didn’t ask me what the hell I meant.” Will inches closer. “Never mind my intentions. Do you *want* me to stay?”

Hannibal’s eyes open, bloodshot and pupils wide. “Have I ever wanted you to leave?” he snaps, then lets his eyes flutter shut again. Will sees Hannibal’s hands now; the fingers of each clutch the opposite elbow. “I never could convince you to remain mine.”

“I’m here now,” Will says softly, easing to his knees beside the tub. He doesn’t move to turn the water off; if Hannibal wants him to, he’ll ask. It isn’t as though Hannibal is *his* omega, not truly. “Here I am,” he says again, and lays his hand on Hannibal’s thigh, palm up, an offering. Hannibal clutches it immediately, the grip awkward but there, and Will feels his body begin to respond. “Are we safe to stay in the apartment?”

“I doubt it, since Jack found us, but there’s hardly another option until--” Hannibal blinks; Will’s never seen him so vulnerable, not even on that fateful night in Baltimore. He changes the subject, but the veneer doesn’t return to his face. “There’d been a man following me--of the Questura, but he had been working for someone else currently, someone with a larger purse.”

“Who?”

“Must you really ask?” He smiles, beautiful and dangerous. “Mason had no grievance with Bedelia, and I no longer wanted her at my table, so I left her behind for the Polizia Municipale to retrieve. But you already know that, I’m sure.”

Will flips Hannibal’s hand to take his pulse at the wrist, then remembers the mass of scar tissue there. It’s as lovingly gruesome as the smile on his belly, though Will has spent nights dreaming of cutting both of Hannibal's wrists open and making the scars truly his. “I didn’t accompany Jack to visit Bedelia,” he explains, then sneers as he continues, “and I doubt that *your wife* would’ve survived the encounter.” Will can’t help the snarl--how *dare* Hannibal take another alpha.

“Is my lamb jealous?” asks Hannibal. There’s a distinct note of amusement underlying the agony. “And I’ve been keeping track.”

“Of?”

“My heart rate. No danger of tachycardia yet.”

Will raises his eyes only to find Hannibal’s waiting for him once more. “I have the most irrational urge to apologize,” he says, unbuttoning the cuff of Hannibal’s shirt.

“For which sin?”

“Sending you into heat.” He pushes up Hannibal’s sleeve; his skin is red as a sunburn. Will half expects to see blisters further up his arm. “Into an awful one, apparently. But I’ve decided against it, considering you were going to play protein scramble with my frontal lobe.”

Hannibal scoffs. “I would never be so wasteful.”

Will drops one hand in favor of the other. The spray of the shower is a cool mist on his face. “You would glut yourself on me?”

“Would you have it any other way?” Hannibal’s fingers tremble on Will’s cheek, creep up to caress his temple and then across his forehead, as if he’s already made the cruel cut. “And no scrambling, as you say. I would have savored you just as you are.”

This is so hopelessly fucked up. “If you want my opinion,” says Will, hissing at the pull to his injured shoulder as he moves into the tub, “I think I prefer the figurative chewing of my brain to the literal.”

Hannibal grabs Will’s shoulder, jabbing his thumb into the bullet wound. “It would have been the greatest regret of my life.”

“Jesus,” Will says, clenching his teeth at the sharp, shooting pain, forcefully pulling Hannibal’s hand away. “Can’t you ever get my attention like a normal person?”

“I do nothing normally.”

“Believe me,” and Will doesn’t catch himself in time to keep from kissing the mark of the crucifixion, “I’ve noticed.”

“Have you?” Hannibal’s voice is scarcely above a whisper.

“Not even your heats.”

“Not even that.”

Will breathes in deeply, lets the cloying scent of Hannibal’s heat fill his lungs as his cock regains interest, beginning to fill, as well. He’s straddling Hannibal’s legs now, the back of

his shirt clinging to his back as the cold shower soaks him down to the skin. “I’m sorry that it had to be me and not Bedelia.”

And Hannibal seems taken aback by that. “Do you truly have so little regard for my affection for you?”

“I didn’t say that, but don’t pretend that you would ever want me as an alpha, Hannibal.” Will hates his voice for breaking, hates that he doesn’t know what to do with his hands. “Please, Hannibal. Don’t lie to me.”

Hannibal’s hands fly to Will’s face, and they’re so hot as to be smothering. “Oh Will,” he says, “you stupid, stupid boy. Were you truly so blind?” Water runs down Hannibal’s left cheek, and Will knows it isn’t sweat. “Could you not see how greatly I yearned for you?”

Between the deep black in Hannibal’s eyes and the ever darker shadow in the corners of his own, Will’s close to being blind *now.* “Are you...in love with me?” *Is that even possible?* goes unspoken.

“How could I not be?”

Will has any number of cutting responses, but those are best saved for another time. He covers Hannibal’s hands with his own. “Why didn’t you just *say something?”*

His eyes close, and Will is terrified that he’s about to weep. “I was infertile, like any omegan man; even worse, unclaimable, in the accepted sense, being that I had no heats,” says Hannibal. “Who was I to hope, to ask?”

Like that, all the pieces begin to slide into place. “But you thought I might be able to love you as you were, so you did everything to force my hand, to make me that person for you.”

“I could never bear proof of your claim.” Hannibal’s hand rests low on his belly. “What other way was there to ensure your utter devotion?”

Will’s laugh sounds manic even to him. “And *I’m* the stupid one! I would’ve made a verbal claim regardless of heat, without either possibility of child or your deadly interference, though I don’t know that I’d have been ready for...well, all that you comprise, so to speak.”

He watches Hannibal’s head tilt slightly to the side; whether Hannibal does it on purpose or by instinct is impossible to say. “Then all is as it should be.”

“I think I’d like to take you to bed now,” and Will watches Hannibal practically melt back against the wall.

“That’s very sudden and terribly presumptuous of you, Mr. Graham.”

“No one’s ever accused me of not being either of those things, Dr. Lecter.” Will moves one hand to stroke the side of Hannibal’s neck; with the other, he cards through his wet hair, all ashen blonde and silver. “Will you let me take care of you?”

Hannibal shudders beneath Will's touch--it's so impossibly *good,* to watch this monstrous man falling apart for the likes of himself. "Only if you inject yourself with an analgesic first," and those are by far the most surprising words that have come out of Hannibal's mouth this morning.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry, Jack. Better luck next time.

Panna Cotta: IV

Chapter Notes

> There's a smidge of reference that could be taken for domestic discipline, but nothing outside of what one would normally expect within the realm of traditional A/B/O dynamics. I can't read stories with true domestic discipline, so I obviously wouldn't write one. Still, I felt like it deserved a small warning. <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

On some level, Hannibal had known it would be impossible to ignore his heat, but he had overcome so much pain and suffering before that he was certain he could endure the physical aspects. He knew that he would inevitably succumb to the emotional distress whether he chose to allow it or not. Will was proof enough of Hannibal's failure to control his passions when in his right mind, let alone in the throes of heat.

The longer he knelt on the floor with his head on Will's thigh, however, the more unbearable the ache became. At some point, Hannibal laid down and curled himself around Will's feet, his own legs crammed beneath the couch. He doesn't know if it happened prior to or after murdering Jack, but suspects before, as he would have had more energy.

Hannibal certainly hadn't had the stamina to walk to the bathroom, or even to properly crawl. Every forward movement was a struggle; only the possibility of Will waking up and finding him on the floor pushed him onward, pulling himself along the tile in the dark.

The triumph of making it to the bathroom was short-lived. Every muscle burned when he pulled himself over the lip of the bathtub--why couldn't Sogliato have had a proper curbless shower? Why would anyone want a showerhead over a perfectly-good tub? Hannibal tried to focus on other ways he could have disposed of the idiot to distract him from his discomfort. Anger alone propelled him into the tub.

Completely exhausted, Hannibal had simply laid there on his side for a while, enjoying the coolness of the porcelain enamel. The cold shower could wait.

But then the ghost contractions had started, because biology had never been kind to him.

He'd hoped to avoid them entirely, seeing that he had no real womb to contract or cervix to dilate. It didn't seem to matter; vestigial organs or not, hormones were cruel. Hannibal felt so crushingly *empty,* his cunt rhythmically clenching and unclenching around nothing. The seat of his briefs and his pants were soaked with slick, which was unbelievably mortifying and altogether disgusting. All he wanted was to be clean, and cold, and preferably not alone.

Mustering all of his reserves, Hannibal made a last, valiant surge, turning the faucet to cold and pulling up on the diverter. Having accomplished that, he propped himself up beneath the

spray, prepared to spend the rest of his hopefully short heat deep within the confines of his memory palace.

Discovering that he could no longer access it in his suprahormonal state was the second most terrifying experience of Hannibal's life. It took all of his self-training to remain calm, but Hannibal managed, still fighting his body every step of the way. Even his *eyes* hurt, his eyeballs dry and itching, the lids swollen and heavy, though he didn't recall crying once he'd left Will's feet. If he could lift his arms without the chance of an undignified whimper, Hannibal would check for tear tracks. Then again, he'd be equally likely to peel his pants off and shove two fingers into himself in search of a relief from the throbbing pain.

Two breaths in; one breath out. He'd assisted on too many female omegan health crises in the ER to not remember how to breathe through a contraction. What he hadn't anticipated was how the technique *wouldn't work, at all.*

Hannibal kept it up, anyway. Focusing on his breath gave him something to do besides wonder how a great doctor such as himself had left medical school with no real understanding of how his own system worked.

When Will found him, Hannibal had no idea how long he'd been in the shower; his only timekeeping was to count his racing pulse to reassure himself that he wasn't in immediate danger of cardiac arrest. His primal, animal brain whispers to him now, that Hannibal can stop fighting his nature, that it's alright to give into the fever that sears his brain, but Hannibal refuses. Let his alpha tell him to let go.

"Alright," says Will, and when had he returned? "I've got--shit, what is this? Fentanyl. Alright," he begins again, "what do I do with this?"

Hannibal manages to open his eyes. "I will administer it."

"I don't think so." Will sits down on the edge of the tub, his sleeves rolled up past his elbows, syringe in hand. "I distinctly remember you telling me to inject myself, so show me what to do."

"Will--"

"Hannibal," and there it is, that dominant tone that Hannibal's mind craves. He whines, completely helpless to stop it; a fresh gush of slick slides from his cunt, somehow more cooling on his skin than the water from the shower head. "Hannibal," Will says more gently, and reaches over to push Hannibal's wet hair out of his face. "You aren't mine yet, but I won't hesitate to take you over my knee if you need it."

Hannibal takes a deep breath in an attempt to collect himself. "As you say, I am not yours yet." Will smiles at that, still stroking through Hannibal's hair. His touch eases the haze a bit, makes it easier to think. "It surprises me, however."

"What's that?"

"How greatly I anticipate your hand."

Will's grin grows wider--Hannibal can't remember ever seeing Will smile so much. To think of Will's joy in this moment when he had crossed an ocean knowing full well that Hannibal would kill him this time, on Hannibal's own terms and not out of desperate retribution is humbling. Hannibal can't think of a person he has deserved to possess less, but is endlessly grateful for this rare opportunity.

"I never thought I would have a chance to access this part of myself," says Will, rubbing a thumb across Hannibal's cheek. "You've allowed me to embrace my nature in more than one way."

"I've hurt you to do it."

"Yes, you have," Will agrees, and now he traces along Hannibal's cheekbone, over the scar on the bridge of his nose. Every touch leaves a trembling chill, like Hannibal's last Baltimore rain. It's a blessing, and a curse; an anointing, and the mark of Cain. "But you taught me to hurt you. Now, I'll be able to do it for your benefit."

Hannibal swallows. True fear is foreign, but not the churning arousal. "You expect me to submit."

The sudden grip in and pull of Hannibal's hair makes him gasp, makes the slick-scent stronger. "I expect you to *surrender,"* says Will, "and I will accept nothing less."

"I thought you meant to take me to bed," and Will's fingers grow gentle again, combing Hannibal's hair. Hannibal tries not to consider how disheveled he must look.

"May I claim you?"

"We might never have another chance."

"Show me the vein." Hannibal does, and Will pushes the plunger home. "How long until it sets in?"

"Three minutes. Perhaps five."

Will nods tightly. "I don't think I can carry you to the bedroom, but I can help you walk. If you can stand, anyway." He turns off the shower, and only now does Hannibal begin to shiver, too hot, too cold, and entirely miserable. "Or I could take you right here."

The utter *keen* those words pull from Hannibal is inhuman. Then again, so are the two of them.

He hears Will swearing from far away. Towels land on the floor, too many for Hannibal to keep count of in his state. Will grunts as he pulls Hannibal from the bathtub; they both slip and collapse to the floor. It does little to stop Will from undressing him, ripping through his wet shirt as he maneuvers Hannibal beneath him, and there is Will in all his glory, looming above him, exactly where he belongs.

Hannibal grimaces as Will peels off his pants--he yanks them off with enough force to pull Hannibal and the towels along the wet floor. It's shocking, the moan that comes from his

mouth; Hannibal's never been manhandled before, and he feels himself growing hard. Whether the towel beneath his ass is wet from his clothes or from his own slick, Hannibal can't tell. Strangely enough, he doesn't care. His arms are still in his sleeves, and Will forgets to take off Hannibal's socks. As for Will, Hannibal supposes he means to take him fully clothed.

It's not the claiming he ever imagined for himself, but it *is* perfect.

Will's fingers in his cunt are perfect, too, quick and precise, like they were made to fit inside him, to crook and rub and tease. They're withdrawn just as quickly--Hannibal has no concept of time now, at all, nothing to count, not even the blood as it pulses beneath his skin, or his cock as it empties onto his stomach.

He's still hard, his body made of nothing but tortured noises and bottomless pleasure. Will sucks on his own fingers, and Hannibal watches enrapt as his eyes roll and close, listens to Will's closed-mouth *ohhhh* as he licks them clean. Hannibal's hand flies up to his mouth as Will bends to lick his release from his belly, following the winding path of it with his tongue, pushing Hannibal's knees apart to take his cock into his mouth, sucking and *sucking* and *s u c k i n g* and he shouts with the suddenness of a second orgasm, ripped from his body just as Will has ripped out Hannibal's heart and replaced it with his own.

The wet kisses on his thighs; the vulgar slurping of the slick that clings to them, the hands beneath his ass, pushing his knees to his chest with the lifting of his hips; the tongue lapping at his cunt, no finesse, only greed.

Hannibal comes again.

Again.

Will clambers back up and over Hannibal's body. He kisses Hannibal then, finally; it's dirty-sweet, the taste of Will with the taste of come with the taste of slick. Both of their tongues are dry, neither of them properly hydrated. His hands are planted on either side of Hannibal's head, his forearms pinning down Hannibal's shoulders, as if Hannibal could leave at any moment. One of them is bleeding, or maybe both of them. Hannibal neither knows nor cares.

"Let go," Will whispers into Hannibal's mouth. "Let me see you again."

"Alpha!" Hannibal's voice is high and desperate as he spirals out of control after denying himself for so long. His hips buck up, seeking Will.

Breathe in. "Will--"

Breathe out. "Claim--"

In. "Mate--"

Out. *"Need."*

With a snarl, Will pushes in all at once, long and thick. There's nothing tender about this, the way Will snaps them together over and over. The zipper of Will's pants bites into Hannibal's

skin, but Will is relentless, and Hannibal clings to him with his arms and legs as one heat pushes from his body and another pushes in.

Hannibal's never been knotted before, only ever allowing himself to be fucked by betas, or else to fuck his partner, regardless of dynamic. It feels like the pressure of Will's swelling knot is going to tear him in two, but Hannibal's already split Will wide open. If this kills Hannibal, it's really only fair.

All too soon, they're locked together, and Will's teeth are buried in the scent glands at Hannibal's neck, worrying the skin and tugging and tearing and he bleeds into Will's mouth as his cunt greedily milks Will's cock. Hannibal comes yet once more with a breathless cry, his hands woven into Will's hair.

The first *I love you* Hannibal receives is louder than Sogliato's front door cracking and breaking open.

Chapter End Notes

I really should feel bad about all of these cliffs I keep letting you all hang from, but if Bryan Fuller can run around without cliff-guilt, then so can I.

See you next Friday! :D

Panna Cotta: V

Chapter Notes

> This is where the mildly dubious consent bit comes up, but the explanation as to why is quickly given, and it is, in fact, consensual.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will is heavy in his arms again, but this time, the two of them make an exit, not an entrance. Hannibal's skin is freezing cold as he carries Will through the snow and away from the horrors of Muskrat Farm. The brand on his back is oozing and burning, and his heat has begun to rise in his blood once more, but all that matters now is his reunion with and salvation of his alpha.

Hannibal had been surprised that Chiyoh had stayed true to the plan, sniping as many of Mason's bought men as possible. Perhaps Will was right, and she had aimed at Hannibal not to punish him, but to punish Will.

The surviving henchmen had bound the two of them together for the trip, leaving he and Will tied both inside and out. The tranquilizer had left Will's face slumped into Hannibal's neck, still mouthing at the bondmark; as for Hannibal, the drug had only worked for a short while, his metabolism still in overdrive from his heat, though it was helpful in making it somewhat manageable. He'd found the flight over rather pleasant, seeing as they were kept in a refrigerated compartment.

Their fledgling bond had apparently joined their minds, too, an extremely rare but not unheard of phenomenon. In the palace Hannibal now shared with him, Will lavished his skin with kisses once his own tranquilizer wore off and he awoke. He held Hannibal close in the softest of beds, satisfied his heat with his fingers, eventually refusing to remove them.

"I'm going to keep you plugged," promised Will. "You'll never have to feel empty again."

"I look forward to it," Hannibal said, and he honestly did.

"And to my discipline?"

Hannibal shuddered in his arms. "Especially that."

It hadn't bothered him to be bound at Mason's table, nor to see Will likewise restrained, though it obviously irked his alpha. Watching him bite a hunk out of Cordell's cheek had thrilled Hannibal; seeing Will chew it and swallow, feeling the heat in Will's gaze as he demanded Hannibal's sight in return was unexpectedly emotional. He felt truly accepted in that moment. Hannibal had chosen and awakened the right mate.

Being kept in a stall like a pig wasn't humbling like Mason had probably hoped. He spent his time thinking of Will doing the same, then sought Will in the rooms he'd already added to their palace and relished his deadly, dangerous chuckle.

"I wouldn't need padded cuffs and rope to keep my omega in place," and Hannibal had fallen to his knees in worship there, in the Norman chapel, in front of God and all His dead saints. Will petted his hair as Hannibal nuzzled his cheek against his groin. He'd shielded Hannibal's back when the whip fell upon it, whispering unnecessary comfort.

"Do you think Mason told him to tenderize the meat?" asked Will afterward, smirking against Hannibal's shoulder. "That doesn't seem his style."

"No," Hannibal replied. "This was likely Cordell's own retribution for your attack."

Will hummed. "For not keeping your favorite pet under control, you mean."

"Yes. Does that designation bother you?"

"About as much as Cordell bothered you just now."

"Not at all, then."

The brand was a different experience altogether—though Hannibal had always wondered what he might smell like if cooked—but Will didn't comment on it. By then, he was in pain of his own, the fentanyl well and truly worn off, and it was Hannibal's turn to soothe. Will lamented, "I'm not stoic like you."

Hannibal gathered Will to him, head on Hannibal's chest, ear to his heart. "You are," he said, "but not today."

After a while, Will told him, "Cordell's come to take me to surgery."

"I'll be there soon, Will. Wait for me."

Will's growing panic was a palpable thing. Storm clouds gathered in the skies outside the palace walls. "If you aren't—"

"I will. I promise."

"Alright," said Will shakily. "Alright."

Alana's predictability in matters concerning Will gave Hannibal no reason to worry—he knew the alpha would come to ask for his help. But he felt Will wake up, heard the walls rattle with thunder, nothing but lightning in his veins as bodyguards ran toward death and dropped before him. Hannibal found the operating room, and then Cordell's scalpel in Will's skin, and then his hammer in the back of Cordell's skull.

Will blinked up at Hannibal from their bed, but Hannibal shook his head and put them back in the surgical suite, put Will back onto the gurney. This was yet another time to be remembered and shared.

“Here I am,” Hannibal said, an echo of mere hours before. He stroked down the side of Will’s face; the blood caught on his fingertips, smearing along the skin. “I’m here,” and he wiped away the tears that welled in Will’s eyes.

Will said nothing as Hannibal lifted him into his arms—how could he, in his state?—but he closed his eyes, and Hannibal knew he felt safe.

“Is he alright?” asked Alana, and it was confirmation of how quickly Hannibal was spiraling into another heat-induced fugue. He had neither heard her enter the room nor smelled her concern.

Hannibal only nodded. His words were only for Will; the very *idea* of speaking to another alpha exhausted him.

She approached Hannibal, and he snarled in spite of himself. “I’m not going to take him from you,” she said. Alana’s voice was impassive, not threatening, but there was no soothing him. “Hannib—”

Margot shushed her and moved toward him, instead. Hannibal felt himself relax by degrees. “Just stand still for me,” she said; a fellow omega, Margot was no threat. Her presence even helped Hannibal clear his mind and concentrate. “I want to check your back. Can I touch you?”

Again, Hannibal nodded; Margot’s hand was cool on his burning skin. “Forgive me,” he said to Alana, though Hannibal was unable to look her in the eye for fear of involuntarily submitting now that he was deep in his heat. Even newly mated, it was a distinct possibility, though the concept turned his stomach. “I am not myself.”

“Or, perhaps,” suggested Alana, “you only now are.”

As Margot coaxed him into sitting on the edge of the gurney and dressed the wound on his back, Hannibal considered Alana’s words. Not once did he release his hold on his alpha, though he did finally give them somewhere more pleasant to be. Hannibal thought they were in the cabin that awaited them as they ran, but he couldn’t be sure.

“Hannibal,” and he glanced up at Alana, saw the coldness of her, the rigidity. Maybe she was now herself, too. “Could I have ever understood you?” she asked.

“No,” he said, and that was that. Hannibal explained the process of collecting Mason’s hideous genetic material, and Margot walked them out into the snow, and he set off into a bright new life.

Now, finally, Hannibal’s found the highway, and then it’s simply a matter of waiting for the first car to slow down to pick up a distressed, heat-fevered omega on the side of the road. One previously foul-mouthed SUV owner later, they have transportation. Hannibal loads Will into the back, climbs behind the wheel, and they leave the Verger estate for the last time.

Hannibal wakes up in a bed with scratchy sheets, his head on a flat pillow. He can feel arousal curling like an eel in his gut, his skin electrified, still in heat, but comfortable. His body feels heavy and sluggish, and Hannibal wonders for a moment if Will somehow managed to smuggle out some of Cordell's paralytic agent, but he can still move his fingers and hand beneath his pillow.

As for Will's hands, the fingertips of his left skim over Hannibal's chest, grazing idly over one nipple, then the other; up and down his throat; across his ribs. Hannibal wonders what he missed while he was sleeping, and the idea makes his cock twitch, his cunt clench.

Will moans quietly in Hannibal's ear, and his hips thrust against Hannibal's ass, which is exactly when Hannibal notices that Will's knotted him. He shifts, and Will's knot rubs against his inner walls.

"Good morning, darling," Will says, holding Hannibal's quickly filling cock in a dry palm.

"I can't help but notice that—" Hannibal pants, pushing back against Will and then forward into his hand, suddenly ravenous for him. "You seem to have taken certain liberties with my body."

Will's chest stills, his breath grown shallow. "I'm sorry about that."

Hannibal only hums and turns his head for a kiss. Will's lips are still chapped—worse now, from their walk through the snow. But his kiss is impossibly gentle, like Hannibal could either fall apart or disappear at any moment. "Don't worry yourself," Hannibal says when they break. "I find I enjoy waking up connected to you."

"You were shaking and crying when you pulled into the driveway," explains Will, and Hannibal supposes he wasn't heard. Will's voice is as soft as his touch. "By the time I could move, you were well on your way to being heatsick. I don't know how you held it off as long as you did. So I…" Will licks his lips; the tip of his tongue hits Hannibal's ear, and that feels good, too. "I got you inside and into bed, and then...well. Settled you down."

"And the occupants of the house?"

"That's also been settled." He noses at the hinge of Hannibal's jaw. "It took longer than I thought it would to get the bodies into the basement; you were panicked and nesting by the time I was done. But it's all I did, the deep gentling, I swear," and Will sounds on the verge of panic himself. "I know that's what they do at the clinics, just slide in and let biology work, let the knot form without fucking, let the omega use an alpha to get off. I didn't know what else *to* do. God, I feel like a—a—"

"It's alright, Will," Hannibal says, trying to calm Will in return, lying his own hand on top of Will's, both of them jerking his cock. "You weren't taking advantage. You took care of me." He sighs in pleasure, then adds, "You're a good alpha."

Will kisses down his neck, all love and frantic relief. “Tell me what you like. What you want me to do, now that you’re calm.”

Hannibal feels himself sinking back into the throes of his heat, and he’s elated to surrender to it, to Will. “I enjoy fondling,” he says, then squirms as Will nibbles at his bondmark. “Both breasts and balls, to be somewhat crude.”

“I like you crude.”

“Mmm, you may be disappointed, then.”

“I crossed an ocean to find you,” whispers Will. “I’d only be disappointed if I hadn’t.”

Will can't keep his mouth off of the bite, sending little pinpricks of pain up Hannibal’s neck. His fingers lightly roll a nipple, small breast cupped in his hand. It's enough to tip Hannibal over the edge the way a drop of water slides over the rim of a glass, slow and easy.

Hannibal smiles through his orgasm. In the aftershocks of bliss, still using Will’s knot to stimulate himself, Hannibal breathlessly reminds him, “There’s no guarantee that I won’t still kill you.”

“Oh, Hannibal,” Will says, laughing, “I’d love to see you try.”

Chapter End Notes

And that's a wrap on Alpha Will, Omega Hannibal, and *Panna Cotta!* Tune in next Friday for Alpha Hannibal and Omega Will in *Tiramisu*. :D

Tiramisu: I

Chapter Notes

And now, chapter one of *Tiramisu!*

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will has murdered a man, desecrated part of his corpse, and eaten the rest of him, but this still feels like his most illicit act. He balked over how Hannibal had broken and repaired and molded him; now, here he is, a bottle of illegal heat inducer in his hand, preparing to change himself.

This is a monumentally stupid idea. The problem is that Will keeps having those, typically all at once, and the results are always the worst ones possible.

Maybe I could tell Chiyoh to have Hannibal meet me at a cliff, instead, Will thinks. *Then we could pull a Thelma and Louise and we wouldn't keep trying to kill each other. Or anyone else, for that matter.*

He'd known that he shouldn't go to the Lecter estate—another terrible idea, as was going to Palermo, and sailing to Europe, and getting in the goddamn boat in the first goddamn place. Serves him right for listening to the hallucination of an eighteen-year-old dead girl, he supposes. The place had practically called to him, though, yet another ghost to chase, to touch, to possess. Walking the grounds made him feel closer to Hannibal than elevating Randall with him had, both of them elbow-deep in guts and gore, both of them grinning like idiots.

That was the moment Will fell back in love. Helping Hannibal butcher his kill satisfied some primordial element buried in his psyche, the same one Hannibal embraced and delighted in.

Or perhaps it was when Will brought Randall to Hannibal, like a dog killing a small animal and bringing it home to its master. That moment, though, is one Will can't remember without breaking down, and he doesn't have time to sob right now. Will cried more on the voyage over than he'd ever cried before, and Will has been one of *those* omegas his entire life.

Still, there's a chance he'll be crying again if this experiment ends poorly. The last few years of his life have been the plot of a badly-written *Choose Your Own Adventure* book, but at least this chapter only has three possible endings: One, the pitocin doesn't work, and Will ends up taking his Harpy knife with him to the Uffizi to end it once and for all. (He's still under the impression that a cliff jump is a better option.) Two, the pitocin *does* work, but Hannibal rejects him, and Will wishes that he had taken his Harpy knife with him to defend himself. Three, the pitocin works, and Hannibal whisks him away to wherever he'd been staying, and Will gets claimed and fucked within an inch of his life.

Or the pitocin is actually poison. Chiyoh had pushed him off a train before procuring them for him, after all. Four options, then.

Five, now that Will's thinking about it. There's always the chance he botches the injection. At least he knows that the needle's clean.

Depressing the plunger, Will pokes the needle through the seal and into the bottle, then pulls the plunger back out, withdrawing all of the pitocin. Another quick depression, and then he lines up the needle, takes a deep breath, and pushes the drug into the vein.

Will had grossly underestimated the amount of time it would take before the inducers took effect. According to his calculations, he should have had a good thirty to forty-five minutes, more than enough time to walk from the hotel to the Uffizi. He knew he'd find Hannibal in front of *La Primavera*— the man was wildly predictable when it came to aesthetics—so Will was sure he'd given himself enough time to have a short conversation and go into pre-heat mid philosophical discourse.

Instead, Will began sweating profusely on the elevator. He's not sure if he'll even make it to the Uffizi without being jumped by an alpha in the street. At this rate, if a member of the Polizia Municipale run across him, Will's going to be escorted to a heat clinic. Being jumped is almost preferable. Almost. At least an alpha would touch him that way instead of providing a knot and nothing more.

Taking a deep breath to steady himself, Will forces his body upright, to walk tall and aloof in order to draw as little attention to himself as possible. Halfway into his journey, there's a telling twinge in his gut. Will may have been on suppressants for over a decade, but the pain is unmistakeable, unforgettable. If Hannibal intends to kill him, Will's going to be an easy target.

He doesn't remember entering the Uffizi, but he's here. Maybe Will asked for directions to *La Primavera* . It's just as likely that he's following his nose.

The cramps have begun now—it's like every heat symptom that an omega could possibly have is hitting Will all at once. He's practically limping down the hallway, and he can feel the first tell-tale signs of slick clinging to his boxer briefs. His vision is tunneling. Will's hair is sweat-stuck to his forehead, and his hands are shaking, and if Hannibal rejects him, he's going to wind up presenting himself in the public bathroom.

Pomegranate and cherries and sandalwood— *Hannibal.*

Will leans gratefully into the hand on the side of his face, lets Hannibal support him as his knees buckle. They sit down on a bench, and Will sighs at the contact, the pressure welcome on his cunt.

“Strange to see you in front of me,” Will mumbles. The world is out of focus around them, but Hannibal is always distinct. Then again, perhaps not; Will blinks, and Hannibal has gray skin and antlers, like Will has seen so many times before. Another blink, and he sees himself. “You and I have begun to blur.” He leans forward, resting his head on Hannibal’s shoulder, scenting him.

“Isn’t that how you found me?”

“Chiyoh told me where—” Will moans softly as Hannibal begins to rub at a tense shoulder. Simultaneously, he nuzzles into Will’s hair. It feels as though Hannibal is all around him, a comfort and a torment all at once, just as he’s always been.

Hannibal asks, “How is Chiyoh?”

“She pushed me off a train,” and Hannibal’s chest moves as he laughs.

“And how was it, to enter the foyer of my mind and stumble down the hall of my beginnings?”

Will inhales deeply; it helps him concentrate, Hannibal’s scent like a familiar blanket, and what a welcome relief that would be, a weighted blanket, pressure all over his body.

So much for concentrating.

“I saw your heart at the Norman Chapel, if that’s what you’re asking.”

“It is,” Hannibal replies, “and I know.”

“I thought you were there.” He burrows further into the side of Hannibal’s neck. “I ached to see you, but I wasn’t ready. Not yet. I wanted to understand you before I laid eyes on you again. I needed it to be clear what I was seeing.”

“And did you mean what you said there in the catacombs?” There’s a hint of anger in his voice that isn’t betrayed by his touch, Hannibal fighting his natural instinct to destroy. “Do you truly forgive me, or were you Jack’s lure yet again?”

Will anticipates the sting, half expects to be gutted once more. He manages to take his knife from his pocket—better to be armed than not, he had decided—and lays it on Hannibal’s thigh. “I meant it,” he says, “as much as I meant for you to run and save yourself from the FBI; as much as I meant to take the fall for you yet again.”

The hand on Will’s shoulder falters, then brushes down Will’s arm as Hannibal goes for the knife. He hears it click as Hannibal flicks it open; the sound draws a heavier gush of slick from him, and Will doesn’t know what to make of that. But he takes Hannibal’s hand and brings the knife to lie against his stomach, right over the indelible mark Hannibal made on him the night he thought Will had irrevocably betrayed him.

Hannibal stiffens, then relaxes beneath Will’s head and hand just as quickly. “Where does the difference between the past and the future come from?” he muses, mouth brushing against the

shell of Will's ear. It takes all of Will's resolve not to press against his lips. He wants to drown in Hannibal's touch.

"Mine? Before you and after you." Will thinks that his speech is beginning to slur. All of his muscles are tightening; his skin feels two sizes too small. "I don't have much time," he tells Hannibal.

But Hannibal, as always, wants to continue their conversation. "You delight in wickedness and then berate yourself for the delight. This is your design, as you would say. How was I to believe anything, any supposed warning after scenting Freddie Lounds on your skin?"

Will knows he is going to cry. He'd hoped all of his tears had run dry on the boat, when he had thrown his suppressants into the sea and let the full brunt of his emotions run him down. "I missed you," says Will, reduced to a whisper. "I had to find you. I had to look for you. I wanted to know where you were and what you were doing. It hurt so badly to think of you," he admits, voice breaking, "but I didn't want to think of anything else."

Hannibal says nothing. The flat of the knife presses against Will's stomach.

"You killed Abigail, and I forgave you. You left me behind—God, Hannibal, I wanted to go with you." He pulls away from the safety of Hannibal's body, sobbing openly—his pride hardly matters now. Their eyes meet; Hannibal's are nearly as wet as Will's. "I wanted my alpha."

Will hears the knife clatter to the floor as it's tossed away, and then he's gathered into Hannibal's arms like a child, like an owned and cherished omega, like he's always wanted and never expected to have. "Oh Will," and Hannibal kisses the top of his head; it only makes him cry harder. "I didn't know. How could I have known? I took—" Hannibal holds him tighter. "I took away your child." Will can feel Hannibal's grief then as strongly as his own, though he knows it is more for hurting Will than for killing Abigail. "The greatest sin an alpha can visit upon his beloved, and still you forgive me?"

"A horrific misunderstanding. I carry that murder as much as I bear all deaths by your hand."

Hannibal leaves it at that, and Will's grateful for it. "How long have you been in heat?"

Will snorts. "About thirty minutes."

"Since the end of your pre-heat?"

"Since I took the pitocin."

His head snaps back as Hannibal grabs his shoulders and pushes him back. "What have you done?" he asks, checking Will's pulse at his carotid. "Why would you induce?"

"I wanted you to claim me." Will tries not to lean forward and seek Hannibal's scent glands once more, but utterly fails.

"And if I had refused?"

Will shrugs, laughing bitterly into the side of Hannibal's neck. "You'd still kill me. If not, then I guess some stranger would have staked a claim. Unless Jack found me, God forbid." He snarls in disgust. "We both know he'd do anything to keep me working. Then I'd basically be owned by the FBI."

"What a clever boy you are." Hannibal sounds annoyed, but he kisses Will's temple all the same. "You knew I wouldn't leave you to either of those fates."

"Or else it wouldn't matter."

"Knowing what I know now," says Hannibal, "I couldn't condemn you to death, either." His hand finds the back of Will's neck, making him gasp and go boneless. No one's ever gentled him before; it's soothing, but stokes the fire of his heat further. "My sweet omega," he says, and it tugs at something liquid in Will's chest.

"Yours." Will licks at Hannibal's neck, eyes fluttering shut. "Please, alpha."

Hannibal speaks to him, but Will can't understand what he's saying. All he knows is that he's safe. It's the last cognizant thought Will has as he finally surrenders and lets the heat pull him under.

Chapter End Notes

Until next week! <3

Tiramisu: II

Chapter Notes

> Trigger warning for situational humiliation, because having someone help you control excessive amounts of slick can't be fun. Unless, of course, Possessive Alpha Bastard Hannibal Lecter is into that sort of thing...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

He has been privy to fear a handful of times, but panic is a foreign emotion for Hannibal. The anxiety he feels now is an issue Hannibal had never expected to have and is entirely unprepared to deal with. As a psychiatrist, Hannibal knows all the tips and techniques—breathe deeply and rhythmically, stay in the moment, accept that the state is temporary. Living it, however, is another beast entirely.

Hannibal thought he had been suitably prepared for his reunion with Will, too. When he caught a whiff of amber and lavender, heady, intense, Hannibal assumed there was a heat-fugued omega wandering around the gallery. It was Will's breathing that gave him away, as he limped his way toward the Botticelli.

This is the first time Hannibal's ever properly smelled the man he's wished to claim since the moment he returned to his office. Will doesn't smell like sickness, or the sterile antiseptic scent of suppressants, or the atrocious aftershave Will wore to cover up whatever his natural scent was.

Now, it makes sense that Will would disguise himself; he smells so undoubtedly omegan, so *fertile,* regardless of biological impossibility. Societal norms being what they are—and Hannibal isn't precisely opposed to them, which Will *must* be aware of—Will would have never survived a career in law enforcement. He'd have been constantly assaulted: verbally, physically, God forbid sexually. Will probably even smelled terrible to himself, but there was little choice if he desired a career in an alpha-dominated field.

Hannibal had never wanted to bury his nose into anyone's armpits before, or to shove his face into someone's groin, but Will's unadulterated scent could drive him mad enough to do just that.

But there were notes of grapefruit, too, telltale markers of distress. He was at Will's side before he knew he was moving, which was almost as concerning as Will's condition. As deep into heat as Will looked—let alone the sugar-sweetness of him, a ripened quality to his scent—Chiyoh must have known when he had entered preheat. Why would she have withheld such information when she contacted him?

And then Will had admitted to using an illegal inducer. Hannibal's uncertain whether he could ever cause more pain to Will than what he must currently be experiencing, what he is enduring so beautifully. Not once has he wished for Will's death, however, so he must get to Sogliato's as quickly as possible.

Will's face remains tucked against the side of Hannibal's neck, one arm draped across Hannibal's back, the other dangling uselessly. He keeps trying to lick and nibble, but Hannibal pays it no mind, though his instincts scream at him to let his omega glut himself on his scent. The slick forming on the seat of Will's pants is impossible to ignore, however, no matter how hard Hannibal tries.

They're not going to make it to Sogliato's, not with the way other alphas wandering about the gallery are beginning to take notice, not when Will is physically unbound to Hannibal, not when a fight is imminent.

Taking a chance, Hannibal stops running long enough to ask a security guard, "Is there a fainting room on the premises? This man has been mate-drugged."

The security guard eyes him—for a moment, Hannibal fears he's been made, that Will might be taken from him and left to the impersonal care of a heat clinic. But the guard finally asks, "How do I know you aren't the one who drugged him? Why shouldn't I call for an ambulance?" Even as he speaks, the guard is reaching for his two-way radio.

"I'm a physician," says Hannibal. "One moment; allow me to show you my identification." Will trembles in his arms, and Hannibal wonders if the small whine is an act or not, though he knows Will's pain is real.

Regardless, it gets the wanted reaction from the guard. "You have your kit?"

"A small emergency pouch for traveling, complete with simulatory clamp." Will's whole body stiffens. He must know now, even as heat-addled as he is, that Hannibal had intended to subdue him by any means possible. Perhaps Will can forgive that, too.

"This way," and Hannibal follows the guard down an employee-only hallway. He punches a code into the keypad on the wall, and the three of them walk into the fainting room. There's all the usual amenities: a fainting couch, for which the room was named; a three drawer chest, likely with cover-ups and heat supplies; a water cooler.

The guard clears his throat. "The simulatory clamp," he reminds Hannibal. "I won't leave you alone with him until I'm certain he's not being taken advantage of. You understand, I'm sure."

"Of course," Hannibal says, trying to make Will moderately comfortable on the couch, lying on his side. He pulls out the leather kit from one of the inner pockets of his jacket, then unties the strap. The simulatory clamp is an older one, and he has to manually load the spring coil. Will cries out as the blunt teeth of the clamp bite down on his neck, eyes opening suddenly.

Hannibal hushes him in the detached manner of a clinic doctor. "You're safe," he says, switching to English. "It's alright; you're safe now."

Will swallows, squinting as though confused. He very well may be, as deep as he's fallen into an artificial heat. "The gallery…" begins Will, then looks up at Hannibal. "I was in—"

"You still are. I found you wandering. We brought you to the Uffizi's fainting room." Hannibal stops himself from running his fingers through Will's hair, though he knows Will desires his touch. "Do you remember anything?"

One blink, and then another, searching Hannibal's eyes. "Not time for my heat."

Brilliant, beautiful boy. "I believe you may have been drugged," he explains. Best to keep to the edge of truth, though he doubts that the guard speaks English. "I'd be happy to call for a ride to a clinic—"

"No!" Will reeks of agitation, to the point that even their third party takes notice. "Non l'ambulanza," says Will, addressing the guard. "Non l'ospedale."[1]

"Qui sarai al sicuro."[2] He's sincere, doesn't ask if Will feels safe, or say it condescendingly, but simply states it as fact. Hannibal is pleased, primarily because he's feeling more than a little impulsive. Killing the man might have drawn more attention than he and Will already have.

Will closes his eyes again slowly—Hannibal wants to draw him this way, in repose, somewhere between cherub and succubus. "Si," says Will, voice lilting, pulse hammering beneath Hannibal's fingers.

"Aspetterò fuori."[3] He curtly nods to Hannibal before leaving; Hannibal listens for the click of a lock, half expecting it, but only hears the guard's back settling in against the door.

"You're an asshole," Will hisses. "I can't believe you brought a clamp to a knife fight."

Hannibal can't help but smile. "I also brought a gun," he admits, dropping Will's wrist.

"Chiyoh?"

"Of course."

Will huffs a laugh before repeating, "Of course," and then, "So much for intimacy." He licks his lips. "Do you still intend to sentence me to death by firing squad?"

"Not death." Hannibal rummages through the drawers, looking for a sanitary napkin of the proper size and his personal preference. "She was only going to shoot you."

"Do you even listen to yourself sometimes?"

"Often." The bottom drawer yields a few pairs of one-size-fits-most drawstring pants. Hannibal grabs two pairs. "Paper or plastic?" he asks, and Will turns his head to smile into the pillow.

"I don't think I'm ever going to understand how you can flip back and forth between drama queen and dad joke so quickly."

“There is very little difference between comedy and tragedy,” Hannibal explains. He doesn’t wait for Will to unbuckle his belt or unzip his pants; if Will intended to leave Florence either bonded to him or dead because of him, then Hannibal assumes Will is ready to let his alpha care for him entirely.

Will’s alpha. Hannibal’s omega. It’s too dangerous a miracle to marvel over for now.

“Tragedy,” continues Hannibal, steeling himself against the simply divine smell of Will’s slick, “ascribes to a philosophical view that there is nothing to be gained from life but death, and that all journeys *to* that death are comprised of a series of misfortunes.” Will’s pants tangle with his shoes, still on his feet. “The best one can expect of life is an end to one’s pain and suffering.”

“And comedy?”

“Comedy builds upon that philosophy. If there is nothing to be won but a loss, then life is nothing but ridiculous. To see life as anything less than tragic is unrealistic, a belief for fools and fools alone. They are but sides of a two-headed coin. The tragedian says that to live is to struggle; the comedian says that to live is to play in a game of fortune.”

Will lifts his hips, wincing. Hannibal is curious exactly how much of the agony the simulatory clamp has kept at bay. “I’m not fortune’s fool.”

Hannibal peels Will’s underwear down his legs. “A tragic hero, then?”

“No,” Will replies. He sighs in relief, legs parting on instinct, a hand finding its way to his chest. “Neither hero nor fool. Only yours.”

“Would that I could claim you now.” Hannibal scarcely recognizes the sound of his own voice, is baffled that any sound can make its way through the swell of emotion in his throat. “That I could accept your gift so freely given.”

“Didn’t you already?”

He remembers that a world exists beyond the expanse of the fainting couch. “The gallery staff have been kind enough to provide a number of generic, sterile knot plugs,” says Hannibal, and he’s never changed a subject so bluntly in all of his life. “It would ease your suffering, I think, but I will leave the choice to you.”

Will frowns. “Do you think we’ll have to wait so long?”

“You seem to forget, my darling, that we are surrounded by the enemy on all sides.” Hannibal allows himself a single, furtive glance at Will’s cock—enough to temper his natural instincts, but not to remember. “The rooms I intended to take you to are still available to us, but I doubt we will be alone long enough to sate either of our appetites.” Forgetting himself, Hannibal inhales deeply. He wants to *bathe* in that scent. “We won’t be captured forever. No more than a day I should think. Perhaps two.”

“By Mason or the pol—” Will bites the heel of his hand to stifle a moan as Hannibal pushes his knees to his chest. “Oh God, alpha, *please.”*

“Control yourself,” admonishes Hannibal. It’s primal, but he spreads Will’s slick across his cunt and over his thighs, possessive, claiming. “You’ve earned enough correction as it is with this little stunt of yours. Would you give us away to the likes of a hired hand?”

“Rent-a-cop,” says Will, laughing.

“Hold your legs,” Hannibal tells him, the plastic wrapper of a clear plug crinkling. “I’ve chosen for you.

“I might have noticed.”

Hannibal growls, relishes the way it makes Will’s eyes roll, makes him draw his bottom lip between his teeth. “If you could attempt to remain quiet?”

Will opens his mouth again, perhaps to object, but holds his tongue.

It is more difficult than Hannibal anticipated, to keep his touch clinical. He’s never had the pleasure of playing with an unmated omega; he’s certainly never had a mate of his own, nor had ever considered the prospect of having one. But here lies his equal before him, flushed and shivering as Hannibal pushes two fingers in and out of his cunt. How could he have ever thought to trade this feast for another, deadlier meal?

“You’re doing very well,” Hannibal praises, entirely by instinct. Will is behaving excellently, though, lying still and silent, lips parted in a half-formed O. Hannibal spreads his fingers, three now, opening Will up, watching the sweat form on his brow, dripping down his skin, a line not unlike the one he had intended to cut. He’s shaking as Hannibal seats the plug; his hands clench and unclench when Hannibal uses the bulb syringe to inflate the knot; he sighs sweetly and relaxes, dropping his legs, practically melting into the couch.

“That’s... *oh,* that’s much better.”

“Perhaps you should leave all your future decisions to my discretion,” says Hannibal. It’s impossible to hide his smirk.

Will runs a hand along the back of the fainting couch—such a commonly omegan trait, the need for tactile stimuli, for soft fabric and firm touch. “Do you have only my best interests at heart, Doctor?” and he looks at Hannibal slyly from the corners of his eyes, though he refrains from direct eye contact.

“Impertinent thing.”

“Well, you seem to be the punishing kind, as you said,” Will notes. He’s so different like this, with his long-buried instincts finally satisfied. Then again, Will has always been prone to sass. “I figure I can’t make your job *too* easy.”

Hannibal tosses the syringe and the wrapper into the wastebasket. “Raise your hips again,” he says before slipping an elastic belt over Will's legs and up to his waist, then unfolding the

chosen napkin and sliding it beneath Will's ass. Tensing immediately, Will grabs Hannibal's hand, holds it there next to his hip. "You object?" asks Hannibal.

"I've—" Will swallows, and Hannibal has his eyes now. "I've never considered this before."

"Have I embarrassed you?" Hannibal keeps his voice measured and low. "There is nothing to be upset about, Will. It is an honor and privilege for an alpha to be able to care for their mate in all ways."

"I doubt you would feel the same," says Will, "were our roles reversed."

That gives Hannibal pause; he's honestly never considered it. "I think it would take time to adjust," Hannibal concedes.

"But ultimately?"

He disentangles his hand from Will's grasp only to bring it to his lips. Will's quick inhale is promising. "In any universe," and he kisses Will's palm, inhales the scent of his heat there at the pulse of his wrist, "I am, as I have always been, yours to take, and yours to leave."

They both know that it isn't truly an answer, but Hannibal has never had any answers that weren't questions of their own.

"Do you consent?" he asks. Will swallows, then nods, so Hannibal pulls up the rest of the napkin, fastening it to the belt at the waist.[4] "There now." He hopes that his voice is soothing, that Will might settle back down. "Your slick and heat are ours. They belong only to us, and therefore, only to me."

Will *keens,* biting his lip so hard that it bleeds. Hannibal doesn't believe he's ever grown so hard so quickly.

The security guard knocks on the door. "Ha qualche problema?"[5]

"Non!" Will's voice is high-pitched—it sounds unusual, unlike him. "Sono a posto!"[6]

"Ti ha fatto male?"[7]

"La mia salute."[8] It's the first time Will has made a mistake, but Hannibal supposes that referring to heat as an illness isn't so far off the mark. Regardless, it satisfies the guard, who grunts an affirmative, then returns to silence. "We need to leave."

"First," begins Hannibal, "you will tell me what other omegan comforts you have never considered or otherwise denied yourself." He strokes the inside of Will's palm, fingertips to wrist. It has the desired effect; Will's pulse stops racing. "Something I can do for you now, perhaps? To give you comfort during the trials to come."

Will blinks, then again. His eyes fix themselves on Hannibal's hand in his. "I…it's not remotely doable now but...God, this is *humiliating."*

“Only because you have been told by others that it should be. If I am to be your alpha, then there can be no more hiding from ourselves, from our needs and wants and desires. No more secrets between us.”

His coaxing works, though Will’s voice remains small. “My incarceration sort of ruined it, but I always thought the bench would be comforting. Or—” He shifts his hips thoughtlessly; Hannibal will allow it, for now. Will’s cadence is too mesmerizing to interrupt. “Just being restrained. Being held, you know? Letting go and knowing I won’t fall.”

“Very good,” he says, and he’s curious if Will can hear the arousal in his voice, if he can smell how close he is to completion. “I am quite willing and prepared to indulge you.”

“Now why doesn’t that surprise me?”

Hannibal ignores him. “Let me try to satisfy you in the meantime,” he says instead. “Give me your wrists. One at a time, not together.”

“Can I…” Will clears his throat. “Can I put on a pair of those pants first?”

“No,” replies Hannibal, “but I am happy to do it for you.”

Chapter End Notes

[1]"No ambulance. No hospital."

[2]"You'll be safe here."

[3]"I'll wait outside."

[4]You may be wondering what the hell that sanitary slick pad looks like. I envisioned it as something along the line of Ye Olde Menstrual Napkin. For some reason, a person designed panties to look like a sanitary belt and napkin, which is closer to what I had in mind. (Except a wider pad because, y'know, dicks.) Anyway, that's a vague approximation of what Will's wearing.

[5]"Is there a problem?"

[6]"I'm fine!"

[7]"Did he hurt you?"

[8]"Only my illness."

Tiramisu: III

Chapter Notes

> I'm going to start making aesthetics for this fic, because I've been on an aesthetic kick lately. You can find the first one below; aesthetics for the next and previous chapters will be linked in the notes at the bottom if you're interested. <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Watching Hannibal wrap gauze around each wrist and ankle, Will can't help but think of the night he killed Randall Tier. His touch had been so gentle, so full of devotion. Acting as Jack's lure had brought Will impossibly close to Hannibal, close enough that he could almost understand Hannibal's reasoning for hurting him so greatly. Hannibal's hands brought him even closer. Still, Will was conflicted between the wants of his heart and the reason of his mind.

He's not conflicted any longer. Whether Hannibal has groomed him for this or not, Will doesn't care. This is where he wants to be, and where he should have been all along.

Hannibal's skin is cool on Will's own, and there's a soft rumble from his chest that reminds Will of a purr. He hadn't truly known what to expect from Hannibal as an alpha—traditionalist practices, to be sure, but that didn't necessarily translate into kindness. It's possessive, the way Hannibal cares for him, right down to his choice of the most restrictive slick pad available. But that's strangely comforting, too, almost protective; one more layer between Will and the world, and he can't say that he doesn't appreciate it.

The napkin's strange, though that could be simply because Will hasn't had a heat since he presented, having convinced his doctor to put him on suppressants immediately. He moves restlessly, and immediately has to stifle a moan; between the plug shifting inside him and the drag of his cock against the pad, Will thinks he could get off all on his own. Maybe Hannibal will let him try sometime.

There might be something to this whole traditional omegan restriction, after all.

"You're very quiet," Hannibal notes.

"Remembering the last time you did this. After Randall."

Hannibal smiles as much as Hannibal ever smiles, microexpressions that Will feels like are for his benefit and little else. "I seem to recall you having a similar reaction to my care."

"It's very soothing," murmurs Will, because it is. "And a little...arousing."

“There is an inherent eroticism in surrendering to the touch of another, regardless of the reason for such touch.” He straightens Will’s pants over his wrapped ankles, making the paper crinkle. “How does that feel?”

“Good.” Will closes his hand around the opposite wrist, pressing against the gauze. It’s as soft as it had been back in Baltimore on his bloodied knuckles. “Really good.”

“I’ll remember that.” Hannibal pushes at Will’s legs until he’s sitting up; the plug moves again, and Will’s eyes slide shut. He wiggles—only slightly—until Hannibal swats at his thigh. “None of that.”

“I’m not sorry.”

Hannibal chuckles and says, “That’s hardly surprising.” His fingertips trace down Will’s jugular. “I’m going to remove the clamp now. The side effects of your heat should return slowly, though rational thought will be the first to go. Do you understand?”

Will nods shakily. “Too well.”

“You will need to tell the guard that I am taking you home,” he continues. “This means you must walk out of here, though I will assist you, of course.”

“And after?”

Hannibal’s hands find their way into Will’s hair, like they had that night in the stables. “We will probably be found fairly quickly, considering our necessary stop here. Hopefully, there will be enough time for me to claim you.” The fact that Hannibal sounds nervous sends a chill down Will’s spine. He’d considered letting anyone claim him should Hannibal refuse, but the reality of it is much different.

“What—” Will feels the tell-tale prickling of panic in his arms. “What if—”

“I won’t let that happen,” says Hannibal. “I promise, darling; you will only ever be mine.” He swallows; his eyes look wet. “Will, you must trust me. The hours to come may prove difficult, but we won’t be separated for long.”

“But how can you—”

“Trust me.”

And, God help him, Will does.

They make it out of the Uffizi more easily than Will had expected, considering how concerned the security guard had been. Hannibal put an arm around Will’s waist, and Will draped his over Hannibal’s shoulders; to anyone else, they would look like lovers hurrying

home. In a hurry, of course, because Will was wearing paper exam pants. There were a few knowing smiles, but otherwise, no one paid them any attention.

“I thought Chiyoh was going to shoot me,” Will says as Hannibal helps him up the stairs.

“Would that be preferable?” Hannibal doesn’t give Will time to answer. “She’s probably set up into her second position by now.”

“Her sec—” It hits Will all at once, an excruciating pain in his lower abdomen. Will had never given it much thought before—and he’s only giving it a moment now—but it seems horribly unfair that he should feel the sickening ache of a phantom womb. Fair or not, Will's knees buckle, and he hits the landing with a sharp cry he can't swallow back.

Hannibal is speaking to him, but Will’s head has begun to swim, like he's at the bottom of an empty well, no light or sound but the bits and pieces that filter down to him. He curls around himself protectively, arms clutching his stomach. Will swears there's blood pooling around him on the floor.

He's lying down, and then he isn't, lifted and held in strong arms—the scent is so *familiar,* smells so much like *home.* Will wants to bury his face in it, bathe in it, marinate and stew in it. When he tries to raise his head, however, Will can’t. It’s too heavy, and it hurts, too. *Everything* hurts.

Will looks up at the man holding him— *Hannibal,* his brain tells him, *it’s Hannibal*— but his face is all wrong, and his antlers probably shouldn’t be there. They’re nice antlers, though, as far as antlers go. He’s actually sort of jealous, underneath the roiling nausea and piercing pain. Did God feel like this when he was scourged? Maybe Hannibal felt like this when he was crucified. It’s always possible that Hannibal’s deific, too, Will supposes. Moreso if he has antlers, which Hannibal does.

His head lolls the other way, and there’s a long dining room table—he doesn’t remember them walking into the apartment. Then again, he isn’t walking, at all, so perhaps that’s to be expected. Will blinks, and they’re moving through Hannibal’s kitchen back in Baltimore. There’s no Abigail to be found, but Will does see himself sitting upright next to the cabinets, strapped to them, bleeding from everywhere.

He decides he is beautiful like that, calm and bloody and beatific like that. What will he look like covered in blood now? Someone else’s? Hannibal’s? His own?

Oh. Will’s cock twitches when he thinks of the last. Maybe it’s because everything between them has always been pain laced with pleasure. Will doesn’t much care, though it does make his current pain feel more worthwhile.

Hannibal suddenly stops. Will sways to one side, and then the other before Hannibal lays him down on a couch. It isn’t as nice as the other couch, but Hannibal is gone before Will can complain.

Glass crashes. Heavy things hit walls. Mechanisms whir. There’s screaming elsewhere.

Now that Hannibal has left, Will's tenuous grasp on reality is...it's certainly something. His insides want to be outside to make room for the outsides to be on his inside. Yes.

A man pulls himself across the forest floor.

"Will!" He knows Will's name. The man should be familiar, Will believes. He probably shouldn't be bleeding so much from his head.

"Like a can," says Will, giggling. That hurts, as well, but it's just too damn *funny* to stop.

"Will, it's Jack," the man tells him.

"Who's Jack?"

"Me! I am!" The Man Named Jack gives him a look full of pity over the toes of Hannibal's shoes. Will decides that he hates him. "Christ, what has Hannibal done to you?"

Will's eyes flutter closed and he moans. His alpha's name is such a lovely one. "Knot. Alpha. Need."

The Man Named Jack opens his mouth, then shouts in agony, fingers scrabbling at the dirt as he's pulled away. There's a cracking sound, and the shouting stops.

His legs are bared to the cool air of the woods, and Will tries to shift onto his front, because he smells his alpha, but he doesn't claim Will. Instead, he pulls another pair of pants over Will's legs, shushing him as he begs to be held down, to be fucked, to be knotted. His alpha leaves again; Will hears the rushing water of the stream.

More glass, a pop through the back of the couch, and there's a pinch in Will's shoulder. It doesn't register beyond that—his guts hurt *so much.* Someone in the same spot as him is whimpering.

A hand in his hair. A kiss on his forehead. "Alpha?" There's more noise, and more people yelling.

"I love you, Will," Alpha says against his skin, and Will wants to say it back, but the words are only letters on the mouths of other people. "Don't forget."

Will hums.

Alpha slumps against him.

A sharp prick in Will's neck.

Everything goes very still.

Chapter End Notes

Will whump? Will whump.

[aesthetic on tumblr]

Tiramisu: IV

Chapter Notes

> I hate Cordell, but doesn't everyone?
>
> Also, to answer questions on the last chapter, yes. Jack is dead. Very, very dead. Not necessarily because I dislike him (though i do consider him the true villain of the show), but because it served the purposes of the story. So, uh. Oops?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When Hannibal comes to, he and Will are bound—hog-tied, he notes, and how perfectly expected. They seem to be in some kind of refrigerated compartment, a shipping container, perhaps. Hannibal can't be sure, fastened to the wall as he is. A quick wiggle of his fingers is all it takes to discover the combination lock with a single dial.

Amateurs, he thinks. *A three-hour break at most.* Hannibal begins to work the dial, spinning it with one thumb while counting the notches with the nail of the other.

The compartment is dark, but Hannibal's eyes adjust quickly. Will lies against the opposite side of the plane, eyes closed, shaking. It's so reminiscent of the seizure Will suffered under his own care; Hannibal can't help the snarl. This is *his* omega, his mate. Will's ecstasies and miseries belong to him. *Only* him.

Comfort is what Hannibal wants to bestow right now, however. He wants to gather Will into his arms; swallow his sobs; undress him slowly; wipe him down with a cool cloth until his whines turn to moans, until his hips twitch and move of their own volition. The compulsion to care is foreign to Hannibal. All he's been able to think about since Will collapsed on the way to the apartment is spoiling him. Will deserves a devotion to match his own.

There's the disgusting stench of sweat and swine and unwashed bodies, but Hannibal can still smell Will, the sweetness of his heat, so like the encephalitis that Hannibal almost regrets his past actions. But Will is lovely in his pain. Regret would be a disservice to them both.

"Darling," he whispers when he can contain himself no longer, and Will's eyelashes flutter in response. "Beloved."

Will groans. "Hannibal."

"You are awake? Aware?"

"Hurts." It's little more than a whimper.

For the first time since their capture, Hannibal wants to break free. "How long?" he asks.

“I—I’m not sure.” He twists futilely, trying to curl in on himself. “So hot.”

“What other symptoms?” Will shakes his head, one lone curl bouncing with the movement. The rest lie flat, like Will’s been caught in a sudden downpour. “Chest pains? A racing heart?”

“Like panic?” His breath is picking up speed. “Maybe?” Will grimaces and swallows. “Getting confused.”

“Rest if you can,” says Hannibal. “There may not be another opportunity to sleep.”

“Alph—” Will’s voice cracks on a sob. His eyes open and he scans the compartment quickly. “I can’t smell you, can’t see you, where—”

“Right across from you.”

Will doesn’t seem to hear him. “Hurts,” he murmurs, beginning to babble, “hurts so *much,* what’ve I *done—”* His inhales are more like hiccups, faster and faster as he begins to hyperventilate.

Hannibal spins the dial more quickly. “Follow my breath.”

But Will’s too far gone, yanking his arms against the wall, crying out Hannibal’s name. The light flickers on overhead a few minutes later; Hannibal almost welcomes it, even though he’s only managed the first digit of the combination thus far. He slots his thumbnail into the notch of the dial to mark his place.

Mason’s men speak as roughly as they smell—at least, to Hannibal’s senses, but he’s never been partial to Sardinian. Their coveralls are cleaner than he expected them to be. Perhaps the scent comes from whatever else is in the cargo area and not the men, themselves. The tranquilizer must have dulled his nose slightly.

He locks eyes with Will, but isn’t sure he’s actually being seen. Should Hannibal cross paths with Chiyoh in the future, they’re going to have a polite chat about where she purchased Will’s pitocin.

One of the men takes a fistful of Will’s hair and pulls his head up. Another goes for his jaw—and Hannibal is impressed, that these men correctly assumed that it would take three of them to subdue one restrained Will—then clamps it shut. The rip of duct tape, and Hannibal stills entirely. Will isn’t likely to survive the flight gagged; he’s in too much distress, too heat-fugued to follow any survival instinct beyond struggling.

“I doubt Dr. Bloom will be pleased should her favorite pet project arrive dead.”

The man holding Will’s head releases his hair, throws a kick into Will’s stomach when he begins to thrash again. Hannibal watches as the tape is wound around Will’s mouth and the back of his head until his vision is obscured when the man kneels in front of him.

“You want same?” His English is heavily accented, and his hands reek of tobacco.

“If you will secure us together,” offers Hannibal, “I will accept it. Will needs his alpha.”

The man snorts. “Not yours.”

“He is *mine,* and if you want him to survive, then you will allow me to be with him and to calm him down.” Hannibal looks up at the man, diverting his gaze from the worn cuff of his coveralls. “I will agree to your terms. I’m sure Mason wants us to arrive unmated for whatever dull notion of villainy has managed to cross his mind.”

Harsh words are exchanged between the three Sardinians. Eventually, the man in front of Hannibal sighs and waves over the other two. The combination lock clicks open behind him, and then they push Hannibal across the floor. Will’s nostrils flare, and then his eyes blink back open. His face is streaked with tears and snot.

“Here I am,” Hannibal reassures him. “Close your eyes and rest,” he says, then brushes his lips against Will’s forehead. Will snuffles a bit, but nods. He passes out almost immediately, just as the first strip of tape is laid across Hannibal’s lips.

If it weren’t for his worry for Will, Hannibal would be bored. Then again, perhaps Hannibal’s concern is misplaced, given how unimpressed Will looks, seated at Hannibal’s left hand, eyes glassy with fever. The fugue seems to have passed for now, though his pain is plainly obvious.

Hannibal glances over at Will, who gazes back tiredly. He tilts his head, wondering if Will still understands their language after so long apart. *Are you well?*

He stares, a beat too long, eyes narrowing. *Are you serious?*

Will is fine.

The oysters before him are passable, Hannibal supposes, giving them almost as much consideration as he is truly giving Mason. There’s no clever wit here to engage with, since Will isn’t speaking much. A trite Biblical reference too easily turned on its head; a vulgar comparison of one lifestyle to another; an inane scientific metaphor, and Hannibal’s back to losing interest.

“It's dangerous to get exactly what you want, Mason,” Hannibal opines. He feels his skin prickle beneath the sleeves of his shirt as Will trains his eyes on him once more. “What will you do after you've eaten me?”

With my face, reminds Will, turning his attention to Hannibal’s plate. How long has it been since he’s eaten? “You could wreck some foster homes and torment some children.”

Hannibal chides him, “How very rude of you.”

“I’m not sorry.” *I still need you.*

“That’s hardly surprising.” *I’ve not forgotten.*

Mason chatters on, waxing philosophic about eating hands and feet—so very little caloric return for the effort that Hannibal is close to insulted. A tossed-out mention of pajama parties, and Hannibal can scent Will again, that same wonderful amber. The idea of a bed is beyond appealing at this moment.

Cordell, unfortunately, must also have caught a whiff of it. “Don’t worry,” he says, leaning down with a little tin of lotion, opening it as he insinuates his face into Will’s field of vision. “You won’t suffer much longer.”

Not even heat is enough to temper Will’s fury, his insistence on lashing out when he’s been assured Hannibal will do so already. His jaws snap shut on Cordell’s cheek, but it’s Cordell who does the most damage when he pushes Will away. Will’s mouth is full of blood, dripping down his chin, made all the worse when he spits out his bite of face.

He smiles as Will looks over at him. *Better?*

Better.

Clutching his cheek, Cordell hisses, “You’ll be sorry for that, *bitch.”*

Hannibal imagines that Cordell will be quite sorry, indeed.

The Italian cops were not nearly as hardy or determined to survive as their Sardinian counterparts had been. No matter how many of them Hannibal kills, others simply insist on coming. It’s bloody and brutal, vicious, visceral. Will would appreciate the Pollockian quality of the art, Hannibal believes.

Finding the surgical suite isn’t difficult in spite of the size of the estate house. What he finds happening *in* the surgical suite, however, definitely is. Hannibal had figured that Cordell would do something trite like paralyze Will for a surgery that would be performed without anaesthetic. In fact, Cordell has done just that; Hannibal can’t think of another reason for the IV beyond administering a continuous stream of paralytic agent.

Likewise, Hannibal can only think of one reason for Cordell to be taking a scalpel to the rest of Will’s clothing. There’s no need for Hannibal to watch further beyond satisfying his own morbid curiosity.

Naturally, Hannibal watches.

“How desperate for a knot *are* you?” spits Cordell, the borrowed pants in ribbons on the floor. “You let him swaddle you like an infant? Without even biting you?”

Will doesn’t answer, of course, but Hannibal can see the defiant gleam in his eyes from the darkness.

“How did he convince you to let him treat you as though you were really his? Did he tell you it would be comforting? That good bitches like it?” Cordell chuckles and rips off one of the heat pads’ fasteners. “You wouldn’t know, though, would you? No, you’ve never wanted to be a good bitch a day in your life.”

Another moment won’t hurt. Hannibal would never let Cordell truly injure his Will. He wonders if Will knows that, or if he only hopes it to be true. Will's body trembles as the heat rises in his blood again—the hormones don’t care who the alpha is so long as there is, in fact, an alpha.

“Did he plug you up first? I’ve never had one already ripe and ready for me, you know.” Cordell traces a finger along Will’s jaw. “This isn’t *too* personal, Will, even if you did bite me. No,” he continues, petting down Will’s throat, “it’s that Mason thinks pain will break your would-be alpha. But we know better, you and I, don’t we? He’ll be seeing us now, down in the pen.” Cordell pats the side of Will’s face. “I set up the feed and everything.”

“Curious you didn’t think to make sure I would actually be watching,” says Hannibal, yanking Cordell away from Will and burying the claw hammer in his skull.

He looks down at Will, the two of them covered in the blood of their enemy, victorious. The fire he finds in Will’s eyes would make Prometheus weep.

Chapter End Notes

[post on tumblr]

Just one more chapter to go! :D

Tiramisu: V

Chapter Notes

I can't believe it's the last chapter! Hope you've had a good time along the way. <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The relief Will feels at Hannibal's touch is as substantial as the touch, itself. Hannibal doesn't release him quickly, unbuckling one strap at a time, and Will hadn't realized how skittish he felt until the pressure on his muscles begins to disappear. When the whine he feels building in his throat can't escape, the panic starts to build again; all the bravado Will had felt once he scented Hannibal in the room rushes out of him at once. Will hears the beeping on the monitor begin to pick up speed.

But Hannibal is there—"Breathe, darling, breathe for me." His hands grip Will's forearms where the restraints had been, where the first long strap had gone; Hannibal rubs up and down, soothing, grounding. Will hears his heart rate begin to slow again, inhales and exhales along with the movement of Hannibal's thumbs back and forth on the inside of both arms. The consistent pressure reminds Will of the way he'd thought of Hannibal being a weighted blanket; it feels like it was a week ago, but it was only just yesterday.

"Good boy," Hannibal says, and Will feels the first trickle of slick ease its way around the plug. He's going to be such a fucking mess when Hannibal takes it out, and his eyes flutter closed at the thought of Hannibal cleaning him up. Will is torn between kicking himself for using the inducers in the first place and congratulating himself on melding with his true self, at last.

His head is released, though Will isn't sure exactly how, as Hannibal's hands remain on his arms. The straps come off of his wrists, his ankles, from over his chest and thighs, and it's too much all at once, entirely too much, because there was a strange safety in being bound, though it wasn't safe, not a bit, not from Cordell, who could have bitten him and taken him and Will would've *let* him and—

"I'm here," and Will can barely hear him over the racing of the monitor, though Hannibal's breath is warm on Will's face. The gurney creaks beneath additional weight, and then Hannibal's body is lying over his. They touch as if through a mirror, arm atop arm, leg to leg. Hannibal tucks his face into Will's neck and begins to lick over the scent glands there.

Another gush of slick—Will's so open now, so open that he can feel the knot of the plug slipping out of his cunt. But his breathing slows, and Will feels safe again, and then he's drifting in and out of awareness.

Voices surround him, like the buzz of a hive:

“...had a deal, Han…” [1]

“...tience, Alana. My ome...ds me.”[2]

“...son’s go...up soon. *My* omega...elp!”[3]

Will hears his stream again—“Fuck it, I’ll…”[4]

“...picana wor...st with—”[5]

“Water, I…”[6]

“And t...to operate.”[7]

“Marg—is th...key baster?”[8]

He’d forgotten how hungry he was. Will had been too nervous to eat the past few days. Now it’s caught up with him.

“...going to...ust watch...pha dear?”[9]

Consciousness comes and goes in waves. Still, no matter his state, Hannibal is with him. Will knows this, is as certain of it as he is of death; they may not be bonded, and such a link may be a rarity, but Hannibal and he are too intertwined now for Will to not be aware of his presence. It had been the same on the plane, once Hannibal had been tethered to him. Even as Will slept, there was Hannibal. So long as they touch, the rules of the universe cease to matter, perhaps even to exist.

Will wants to be bound to Hannibal again. He wants to *belong* to him.

“You already do.”

Movement is still impossible beyond opening his eyes, and it’s even difficult to do that much now. Will knows he’s heatsick—the tremendous pain and panic, the way his body cries out for comfort, whether he can vocalize it or not. Wherever he and Hannibal are, though, is soft; the room is either dark or dimly lit from what Will’s eyelids tell him. Beyond that, Will doesn’t know.

Hannibal puts a cold, damp cloth on his forehead, and Will hears a hoarse little moan.

“There you are.” Hannibal sounds relieved; Will wonders how long they’ve been here, how long Hannibal’s been waiting for him. He thinks he should look at Hannibal, but Will is so *tired.*

An arm snakes beneath his head and pulls Will up. “I have broth for you,” Hannibal says, and then there’s a thin piece of plastic slipping into the corner of Will’s mouth, maybe a straw. The broth is cold and tastes awful, but his stomach doesn’t seem to care, greedy for nutrients, no matter how they may be delivered.

“You are lovely beyond measure in your suffering.” It’s such a Hannibal thing to say that Will wants to glare at him for it, to challenge him. When Will does open his eyes, blinking as Hannibal blurs and refocuses, there’s too much emotion on Hannibal’s face for him to do anything more than simply take him in. It’s almost worth the agony just to see that kind of devotion turned toward him.

Hannibal only diverts his gaze to refill the pipette, and Will keeps dutifully swallowing. He can feel his body trying desperately to wake up, to move; his arms tremble, but Will doesn’t know if it’s the paralytic wearing off or his muscles straining from the prolonged and unmitigated heat. His eyes are sliding shut again. All Will wants is Hannibal thrusting into him, knotting him, paralyzed or not.

He tries to convey as much, hopes his eyes will plead enough, be convincing enough to get Hannibal to fuck him. Will remembers how perfect Hannibal’s fingers felt inside him earlier. Finally, his lips part around a nearly-whispered groan.

The pipette drops to the floor—he’s in a bed, Will realizes, large, feather-stuffed. Hannibal’s now empty hand touches his cheek, and Will manages to turn into it slightly.

“Remarkable boy.”

Will’s blood is trying to boil itself into oblivion again, the numbness of his body slowly melting away. His mind is at turns coherent, then consumed with lust. There's a primal, distressed whine tumbling from his lips, a tortured sound that aches as much as the rest of him.

“I apologize for having lost my simulatory clamp,” Hannibal tells him. The backs of his fingers stroke down the curve of Will's jaw. “Though I cannot deny enjoying taking care of you like this, so helpless and full of need.”

“Please.” It's little more than a wheeze, but Will forces it out. Hannibal’s words are only fanning the fire—his cock is beginning to stir as the paralytic wears off.

Hannibal turns Will's face toward himself. “You consent to this? There are many things I would do to you, but taking advantage is not one of them.” His voice cracks as he adds, “I loathe the thought of losing your faith again.”

Will quivers, goosebumps prickling his body even as he swelters and sweats. “Need—” He doesn’t know if he’s crying or only wants to cry until the tip of Hannibal’s tongue sweeps along the skin beaneath his eyes. Will’s hips thrust up into empty air. *“Please,”* he repeats again, this time against Hannibal’s throat as his hands flop uselessly beside him.

“You smell so sweet,” murmurs Hannibal, and he finally kisses him, rough and dirty, biting at Will’s mouth like he could eat him alive. Maybe he could. Will would give him anything; he

knows that now, a truth instead of the product of a heat-muddled brain. He moans into Hannibal's mouth—*God,* how he wants it, wants the blood and the pain, the agony and the passion.

"You were made for me," Hannibal tells him, straddling his body, climbing over him.

"A—al—alpha!"

He shushes Will with another kiss even as he turns Will to face him, then lifts Will's left leg to throw over his hips. Hannibal reaches between his legs, and Will hears the tiny pop of the valve on the plug. The knot is gone quickly; Will's hips chase it, seek it out mindlessly.

"Empty." He's weeping now. The room tilts, and the vertigo makes him feel ill, and then Hannibal pushes in.

Will comes before Hannibal's even fully seated. It still isn't enough.

Hannibal twists his hand into Will's hair, jerking his head to the side so he can scrape his teeth teasingly down his neck, then kiss his way back up. "Such *hunger."* He sounds awed.

"Mmhmm," is all Will can manage, too busy trying to fuck himself on Hannibal's cock. "Knot."

"Soon, darling boy. Soon." Hannibal sighs into Will's ear as he begins to move his own hips. "Next time, we'll do this properly, in our *own* heat room, in the safety of our *own* home instead of the Verger's. Shall I tell you?"

"Yesss." It's all worth it now—the severity of the pitocin, the ordeal of going there and back again. Will feels so complete, so whole, even as the lust of his heat overwhelms him.

"You won't be in a bed, Will, not at first. No, I will give you what you've craved for so long, carry you to the bench when you're deep into your heat as you are now, when you're pliant and weak." Hannibal releases his grasp on Will's hair and move his hand to grip his thigh, and he's pumping in and out of him in earnest now, Will's cock rubbing against Hannibal's stomach. He comes again, soundlessly, yet still hard, still wanting more.

"What a greedy little cunt my Will has," and Will throws his head back. The paralytic is done and gone; only the adrenaline of the heat holds him now. He pushes at Hannibal's shoulder, makes him lie flat on his back among the pillows of the makeshift nest. Hannibal holds his palms up to him, his elbows braced against the bed; Will laces their fingers together and begins to ride.

"More, alpha." Will's cock is bobbing in the air, slapping back and forth between Hannibal's belly and his own. "Tell me more." He stares down at Hannibal, their eyes locked. *How else will you torture me you terrible, evil, wonderful man?*

Hannibal smiles up at him, message received. "You'll be fastened to the bench, of course, but nothing in my omega's pretty mouth. Your cock will lie pressed up against your belly, no possibility of being otherwise touched."

Will's beginning to lose his rhythm; he's given up maintaining control of his head, simply letting it hang, eyes darting between his own cock and what he can see of Hannibal's as it moves in and out of him.

"You've been begging to come for some time, of course," Hannibal continues. "But you are endlessly beautiful when you are refused what you want, aren't you? It might be hours that I do nothing more than toy with you, sip your slick straight from your cunt, lick up and down until you can stand it no longer, and then keep going until you've gone hoarse from your frustrated screaming."

Will comes again. Between that and his near prostration from the heat—not to mention his burning thighs—Will collapses against Hannibal. He's sated beyond measure, but Will still hasn't gotten what he needs. "Knot me," he says, "for God's sake, Hannibal, shut up and *claim me."*

"Feisty." Before he can register the movement, Hannibal has Will pinned beneath him, fucking into him hard enough to jar him up and into the pillows. Hannibal's knot begins to swell, and it's infinitely better than the plug. Now that his body is getting what it demands, he can hear the positively graphic way they meet and part, skin slapping, the lewd liquidity of his day's worth of slick sliding them together, drenching the sheets beneath him.

The way Hannibal spills filth into his ear is as poetic as Will had imagined, when he allowed himself to picture their joining. Hannibal stops talking, reduced to loud groans, and Will never once considered that Hannibal might be a loud lover, but he loves it, and loves him, pants it into Hannibal's ear— *I love you, I love you, I have always loved you*— and Hannibal completely stills as he comes and his knot locks them together, a crying mess when he sinks his teeth into Will's scent glands, bites and bites and doesn't let go.

Will bleeds into Hannibal's mouth, relieved in every sense of the word, but Hannibal keeps moving, slow and slower still. When he decides that he's chewed on Will's neck long enough, Hannibal pulls back, licking over the wound. He kisses Will again, unhurried and indulgent; Hannibal's tongue tastes like iron as it caresses his own.

"I think I would make love to you after," muses Hannibal as Will breathes heavily, "once your lust was slaked. There has been little opportunity for kindness between us."

"That sounds nice," Will says around a yawn. "Though there's no guarantee that you won't still kill me." He can't stop smiling; this unholy union of theirs is hopelessly fucked up, but they both know it, and neither cares to resist any longer.

Hannibal kisses the corner of his mouth, the pressure of his body over Will's easing him down into sleep, heat lulled by both Hannibal's warmth and the afterglow. "Oh, Will," Hannibal whispers to him as his eyes grow too heavy to keep open. "Wouldn't you love to see me try?"

Chapter End Notes

[1] Alana: “We had a deal, Hannibal.”
[2] Hannibal: “Patience, Alana. My omega needs me.”
[3] Alana: “Mason’s going to wake up soon. My omega needs your help!”
[4] Margot: “Fuck it. I’ll do it.
[5] Hannibal: “The picana works best with—”
[6] Margot: “Water, I know.”
[7] Hannibal: “And two people to operate.”
[8] Alana: “Marg—is that a turkey baster?”
[9] Margot: “Are you going to help me or just watch, alpha dear?”

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[post on tumblr]

I've been on an a/b/o kick since, uh, February-ish. If you enjoyed this, please consider checking out the rest of my omegaverse fics! :D

End Notes

Worldbuilding Notes:

In these fics, alphas and omegas are intersex; for this universe, intersex refers to *dynamic* sex--alpha versus omega, instead of male versus female. (Betas are the only dynamic-sexed individuals to bear only a penis or a vagina, not both.) Non-dynamic sex for alphas and omegas can only be determined by the presence or absence of a uterus and ovaries. (A trans individual, then, could either be trans dynamic, trans non-dynamic, or both.)

To reiterate: anyone assigned male at birth (AMAB), however, regardless of dynamic sex, cannot be pregnant. That means that an AMAB omega cannot have a child. An alpha assigned female at birth (AFAB) can, because they have a uterus and ovaries. This specific concept is mentioned within the two fics, so I wanted to make you aware. For the purposes of this fic, everyone is cis dynamic, cis non-dynamic.

I know; this is remarkably complex. Writing a trans-friendly A/B/O universe was extremely important to me, though, so I tried to build a universe to reflect and include all genders. I may expand on this at a later time but, for now, this is everything you might need/want to know about this universe.

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[about me] [tumblr] [twitter]

Kudos and comments validate my existence. <3

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